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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1910.

The Week.

It is a long time since there has been an item of news about the Federal civil service so important as that which is now given out concerning the Post Office Department. Not only is President Taft to put into the classified list, by executive order, between 7,000 and 8,000 assistant postmasters, whose appointment has thus far remained a matter of patronage, but he will recommend legislation by Congress putting all second and third-class postmasters into the competitive class. This will leave to the patronage system only the comparatively small number of first-class postmasterships, and a portion of the fourth-class postmasterships, and will thus mark a notable advance toward the final extinction of the spoils system in its chief remaining stronghold, the Post Office Department. But the most interesting thing about the announcement is the statement that both these reforms have been adoped by the President upon the special recommendation of Postmaster-General Hitchcock, who has been led to make them as part of his earnest effort to bring the Post Office Department up to a self-supporting basis. It is not so very long since civil service reformers were sneered at as dreamers and doctrinaires, who knew nothing about practical affairs. But here we have the man who was appointed Postmaster-General as the result of his successful management of Mr. Taft's campaign—a man who is nothing if not a politician and a practical man—carrying the civil-service system beyond the farthest point it had yet reached, so as to enable him to make the two ends meet in carrying on the postal business.

Mrs. Storer's new attack upon the veracity of Mr. Roosevelt was duly telegraphed to the London *Times*. Its American correspondent afterward cabled the surprising fact that, while many American newspapers suppressed the matter, not one had come to the defence of Col. Roosevelt. Special wonder is caused by the *Outlook's* failure even to mention the controversy. Here is one of its own employees directly charged with untruthfulness, and the documentary evidence to back it up is furnished, yet we get nothing but silence from the *Outlook*. This must be at the special request of Mr. Roosevelt, as the editors, left to themselves, could hardly have let alone such a question of public morals. They might, at least, one would think, have printed some little consolatory extract from the Bible—as, for example, that passage where Abimelech called hastily to his armor-bearer, and said: "Draw thy sword and slay me, that men say not of me, A woman slew him."

Mr. John Hays Hammond was right enough in declaring that the difference within the Republican ranks on the tariff is "a difference of opinion, and not of party principle." The principle avowed by regulars and insurgents in the matter of protection is, indeed, much the same; but it does not occur to Mr. Hammond to inquire how it comes that a mere "difference of opinion, and not of party principle," should result in such violent animosity, such heated indignation, such revolutionary explosions, as the insurgent movement has manifested. The answer to this question would, indeed, not be pleasant to contemplate. The insurgents are so hot, because, in their opinion, they, the regulars, or stand-patters, under cover of a principle—the principle of safeguarding American wages—have persistently clung to pernicious practices which have no relation whatsoever to that principle; and because the protective system as actually maintained is based on false pretences and is a cover for outrageous spoliation of the masses of the people by great capitalistic interests. Indeed, the insurgent Republican attitude carries, on its face, a far more serious indictment of the Republican party than does the Democratic. A Democrat may believe that protection is robbery and yet admit that in the eye of a straight Republican it is no such thing; while the insurgent Republican declares that protection is all right in itself, but that the masters of his own party's policy have turned it into an instrument of oppression and fraud.

All accounts agree that Woodrow Wilson is making an excellent impression as a campaigner. It is no surprise to those acquainted with him that he should have success with his audiences. His powers as a speaker have been long tested. Not all his friends were confident, however, that he could go before miscellaneous political gatherings and impress himself as he evidently has been doing in New Jersey. Personality counts for a vast deal in such matters, and Dr. Wilson's frank bearing, his good humor, his readiness and his pungency would greatly help any orator in carrying the thing off. But in addition he has put high seriousness into his speeches, and yet has been able to clothe his political thinking in such direct and clear language as to win and delight his hearers. All told, this university president turning his hand to active politics has shown how easy is the mastery of the mere forms of political campaigning, provided one has the ideas and the sincerity and the fervor to make his advocacy tell.

The insurgents of Iowa and Kansas are aghast at the performances of Roosevelt in New York. They had taken him to their bosoms in the rampant West, but now feel that they have only been warming a viper. The Des Moines *News*, which is the personal organ of Senator Cummins, comments with the utmost bitterness upon the course of the New York Republican Convention, under the domination of Col. Roosevelt. The platform's sweeping endorsement of Taft and of the Payne-Aldrich tariff, and its entire omission of "progressive" doctrine, are described as "a staggering blow to the insurgent cause." Says the *News* truculently: "Roosevelt, bringing with him Taft, Ballinger, Wickersham, Root, J. P. Morgan, Tawney, Lurton, Hitchcock, and all the motley crew of plutocrats, the Hessians of privilege, cannot enlist in the army of insurgency." This is very sad, but it all rests upon a strange misunderstanding of Roosevelt. In the first place, he is not the man to "enlist" in any army, whether of insurgents or regulars. It is his mission to command them both. That is a part of his all-embracing comprehensiveness, which is the second thing that we should have supposed the Western insurgents would have grasped

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before now. Having put himself at their head on his Western tour, what more natural than that he should return to put himself also at the head of the Administration supporters in the East? This is only a proof of his many-sidedness. As for the New York platform, so offensive to the West, Mr. Roosevelt could privately explain it to Senator Cummins as merely the temporary shift of a "practical" man bent on carrying his immediate point.

The most bitter enemy of labor organizations would hate to believe them directly responsible for the awful crime of blowing up the building of the Los Angeles *Times*. That the terrible destruction, with the loss of a score of lives, was due to an explosion of dynamite from the outside, appears to be conclusively established. Murderous assault by bombs was also planned at the same time, it is evident, against individuals in the city. But, although the *Times* itself had long been a non-union office, and had taken a strong position against the tyrannies of labor organizations, we are very reluctant to believe that the deed received anything like official sanction from the labor leaders. The work may have been that of some miscreant who acted on his own notion. But granting this, we cannot emphasize too strongly the duty which this frightful assassination places upon the men responsible for labor organizations. It is for them not only to disavow and denounce the crime, as they are doing, but to bend every energy to catch the criminal and make an example of him. But further than this, the appalling tragedy at Los Angeles should bite it into the minds of labor leaders that they cannot afford even to dally with talk about violence, or getting what they imagine to be their rights by force.

A contribution to the explanation of the higher cost of living has been made by the Census Bureau. Great increases in the growth of cities are reported from every section of the country. This does not mean merely that great numbers of people have flocked to the urban zone from the suburban zone, but a wide expansion of the urban zone itself. The great advance in traction facilities has enabled communities to spread over the surrounding country, providing individual homes rather than herding newcomers in already congested centres. This increase in the size of cities, territorially as well as numerically, has been the means of wiping out thousands of acres of productive land that were used as market gardens, and the men who worked them have either become toilers in the city or are taking life easy on the money paid for their farms. This has pushed the growing of market supplies farther into the country and into the hands of men new to the business. A decade ago thousands of farmers loaded their wagons at night and drove to New York with produce raised on ground now occupied by mile after mile of homes. In New Jersey hundreds of farms have been given up to the real estate men, and lie unworked while waiting for the tide of settlement to reach them. It is plain from a study of the census returns that the demand for food products has been pushing the supply harder and harder.

The article on salesgirls in the October *McClure's* is the first of a series by Mrs. Clark and Miss Wyatt on working women in New York. This series promises to be subversive of some of the stock ideas of the ultimate consumer. He knows little of the elaborate processes involved in providing him with the thousand and one articles which make up daily life, beyond the bad manners or inattention of the clerk who waits on him. It is time that he should take a look at the question from the saleswoman's side of the counter. Wages too small to admit of decent living, and fitful chances of promotion, added to nine hours of standing a day, may excuse poor service. From the fifty histories collected among stores of different grades, the authors have given the details in the lives of six of these self-supporting women whose wages range from $4 to $12 a week. The pitiful struggle of those more poorly paid to make both ends meet during health and activity leaves the reader to wonder just what becomes of them in case of illness or when they are laid off during the slack season.

Some unconscious ironies are revealed in the six stories which the authors have selected as typical. Four of the women manage to get along on their salaries by virtue of the charitable homes in which they live. Also, the benefit system very often works on lines too similar to the commercial insurance companies. The employee receives her benefit only if she is ill or injured while still in the employ of the store. If she leaves or is discharged, she sacrifices to the management the amount she has already paid in. Such questions as hours of employment too long for health and seasonal overwork at Christmas time can be wholly regulated only by law, and the Consumers' League is continually working for proper legislation. The difficulty of wages the girls may help to settle by organizing, while only a changed attitude on the part of the purchasing public can obviate certain others. For instance, it is useless for the law to demand stools behind the counters if the public will not buy from a seated clerk. And those who object to having the stores open till midnight during the week before Christmas will have a formidable opposition with which to contend just so long as an easy-going public is willing to leave Christmas shopping until the last minute.

The horrible outcome of the Vanderbilt Cup race makes it clear that our roads do not lend themselves to so dangerous and terrible a sport. For the benefits to be gained there is little to be said. It is thrilling and dramatic to see a car flash by at the rate of seventy miles an hour, with its crew in deadly peril of their lives, but the thrill lasts only an instant and it is doubtful if it is adequate compensation. More interesting is the assemblage of cars and people and the excitement of staying up all night and racing back to town the next morning. But the price is too high. If there are those who feel they must still race, let them compete on tracks.

A statement issued from the Standard Oil office intimates that the company is preparing for a war of prices in its foreign field, in view of the recent immense increase, present or prospective, in oil production by foreign companies. To people who watched the singular outburst of share speculation in London, last February, this announcement will at once call to mind the "oil boom" on which much of that speculation converged. One heard chiefly, in those piping days on London's Stock Exchange, of the "rubber mania," and rubber

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shares, new and old, undoubtedly kept the centre of the stage. But the oil shares held their own; while new issues of rubber company stock, in the first half of 1910, footed up $83,000,000, as against only $4,500,000 in the first half of 1909, new issues of oil-company shares rose in the similar period from $6,500,000 to $42,500,000. Just as the rubber boom was started by an extraordinary increase in shipments of that commodity to America for the motor-car trade, so the oil boom pivoted on a sudden order for 50,000 tons of fuel oil from the Scotch refiners for the British navy. The oil craze, like the rubber mania, ran its course, and prices for the shares got down by midsummer 25 to 40 per cent. below the February price. But meantime, thanks to the British public's eagerness to place its capital at the service of the new producing enterprises, they are equipped for competition.

This phase of the trade situation the Standard Oil Company recognizes without mincing words. Its circular points out that "the level of prices for refined oil to-day in the United States is lower than at any time during recent years"; that "as a direct result of these prices, the consumption of refined oil in this country is increasing," and that the purpose of the cutting of prices in the foreign field is "to increase the world's consumption." There are several interesting aspects of the formal inauguration of such a policy. It may attract attention on London's Stock Exchange, where it could hardly be much more palatable to the "Oil Department" than the recent sudden shrinkage of orders from American tire-manufacturers was to the rubber-share specialists. But what is likely to attract the most attention is the frank recognition, by the Standard Oil, of an old-fashioned principle of trade which we have lately been assured was obsolete. No secret appears to be made of the fact that lower prices will stimulate demand from consumers, nor is any qualification applied to the theory that the way to meet aggressive foreign competition is to meet it. Since the formation of our enormous Trusts in other lines of industry—a matter, principally, of the ten past years—we have heard much of the new idea that reduction of prices brings no fresh business, and that trade supply and demand need have no influence on market quotations. The heresy of the Standard Oil, as regards this industrial philosophy, is the more noteworthy in that it not only repudiates the notion as applied to the foreign field, but plainly intimates that supply and demand are playing their usual rôle at home.

Under the heading, "A Severe Indictment," the *Educational Review* reprints from the San Francisco *Argonaut* a statement concerning the qualities of our college-bred young men which it would be difficult to match in the anti-college utterances of recent years, numerous and sweeping as these have been. "In recruiting its service," says the *Argonaut*, speaking of its own experience, "trial has again and again been made of the college-bred youth, but never with any approach to success. We have never yet been able to find a college-bred youth, without a long subsequent practical drill, who could write clean English, or who could even write a hand which the printer could read. Not one of those from Frank Pixley down, whose work in the *Argonaut* has been an element in its character and influence, has been a man of college breeding. This remark applies to other publications of the country representative of journalism in its higher rank. It is only a few months ago that there was assembled at a dinner table in the Century Club at New York a little group representing the very highest forces in American journalism—including the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, the then editor of the *Century*, and others of equal note—when, through a chance inquiry, it developed that only one present was a college-bred man." And more to the same effect. But the trouble with this sort of general denunciation is that it obviously overshoots the mark. The element of truth in the *Argonaut's* complaint would be much more forcibly brought home if presented with more balance. The fact is that neither in our colleges nor in our high schools do we insist upon habits of thorough and exact mastery of intellectual tasks as does the German *Gymnasium* or the English public school—with results that are evident in many ways, though not justifying a view so gloomy as that of the *Argonaut*.

It is a rare compliment to our all too little recognized linguistic attainments that the French have just done us. M. Damour, recent dispatches from Paris announce, formerly vice-consul at New Orleans, is on his way to these shores on "an official mission to encourage the teaching of French in American schools, especially in those of Louisiana." The gallant Frenchman, we take it, has conversed in his own tongue with some of our countrymen. He has then made inquiries, and been informed, to his great surprise, that their command of the language was unusual for Americans, the great mass of whom do not get to college or even high school, where alone the language is taught. Encouraged by the progress his informants have shown after only three or four years of French in the high school and four more in college, he naturally has become enthusiastic when he has thought of what they might do if they began six or eight years earlier. We wish him all success in his mission of encouraging the teaching of French in American schools, and merely beg to suggest the addition of the words "and colleges."

There is at least one country where "catchwords" in politics are under the ban. The Imperial Chancellor of Germany has been explaining his plan of campaign for the election of a new Reichstag next year, and the semi-official organ of the Government, the *Norddeutscher Zeitung*, in setting forth the programme of Bethmann-Hollweg, states that "we can give the assurance that in the highest responsible quarter catchwords are not being sought." What is being sought is, apparently, a catch-all. For in the announced strategy of the Chancellor, as respects the next political battle, we have one of those beautifully vague statements which defy analysis, and almost defy attack, but which are designed to attract the support of all shades of opinion. Listen to this: "The Imperial Chancellor considers it his principal task so to conduct the affairs of the Empire that everything which is necessary for the prosperity of its industrial and commercial life and for its military protection may be assured to it, and that its continued intellectual development may be safeguarded." Does it not remind you of the finest Republican definition of the blessings of protection? Such sonorous phrases are not, indeed, catchwords, but they are intended to be catch-votes.

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THE NEW YORK CAMPAIGN.

Mr. Stimson's nomination at Saratoga for Governor was a shrewd and strong move. From their list of eligibles, the Republicans of New York State could not have chosen a more promising candidate. For Mr. Stimson is not only a man who has displayed unusual ability, with a capacity for hard work, but one whose public activity as Federal prosecutor makes him peculiarly available at the present juncture. It was his skilful weaving of the web of evidence about Morse which sent that unscrupulous rich man to jail, and his prosecutions of the Sugar Trust for stealing and of railways for rebating were equally successful, and equally impressed the popular mind. We do not know whether Mr. Stimson is a good campaigner or would, in any case, boast of his achievements, but Mr. Roosevelt is ready to do the campaigning and the boasting for him.

As an opponent to Mr. Stimson the Democrats at Rochester have found in John A. Dix a happy solution of the problem which confronted them. It was essential that their nominee should not be a Tammany man and should not be a cringer before Hearst. Mr. Dix is neither. He bears an historic name of which he has never done anything to dim the lustre. His reputation is that of a man honorable in business and clean and courageous in politics. He was too stanch a Democrat to support Hearst in 1906, when by money and fraud that adventurer secured the Democratic nomination. As State Chairman this year, Mr. Dix has been working hard and fruitfully to bring back the party to its old standards and to tone up its management. This was done without the least thought of self-seeking, and he long resisted the demand at Rochester that he should become the candidate for Governor, yielding only when assured that his nomination could best unite the party and meet the peculiar needs of the hour. He is not an orator of the impetuous kind, but is a man of positive character and convictions, and would certainly, if elected, give the State a conscientiously business-like and clean administration.

As for the platform adopted at Rochester, it is superior to that of the Republicans in precision and in vigor. It is both progressive and aggressive. In matters concerning the State alone, it crosses swords most effectively with the Republicans. But the plank which will most attract attention and which is of greatest strategic value in this campaign, is the one openly challenging and directly attacking the New Nationalism of Theodore Roosevelt. To have shirked this matter would have been not only recreant but foolish. Roosevelt is to be the head and front of the Republican campaign in this State. He made his party ticket; he is to put forth great exertions to elect it. It is a sure political instinct, then, which prompted the Democratic leaders to point their guns straight at him. To be sure, not a word is said about this doctrine in the Saratoga platform. Not even a faint hint of the purpose to promote such a doctrine is contained in it. Such suppression, however, can only be regarded as an admission of the impolicy of attempting to force that issue at the present time upon the voters of this State, not as any ground for imagining that the danger which it portends has passed, or that it is not imminent. The doctrine so deliberately and so emphatically propounded in the Osawatomie speech is but the latest and most extreme expression of a spirit and tendency which Mr. Roosevelt has always embodied. The limits of its manifestation by him have been simply such as have been set by his opportunities, or his estimate of those opportunities. In preparing his Osawatomie speech, he felt that the time was propitious for that extreme deliverance; since then he has judged it expedient to relegate to the rear the doctrine of suppression of State functions and unlimited exaltation of executive power centralized in the President at Washington. But with that doctrine Mr. Roosevelt is indissolubly bound up; and no result of the success of his campaign in New York would be more certain than that it would immeasurably increase his power not only to advance his personal ambitions, but to promote the "New Nationalism" and all that that term, in his hands, would imply.

On the second of the two great issues, on the other hand, it is not necessary to go behind the platform itself. The Saratoga Convention puts itself squarely behind the Payne-Aldrich tariff act. It knows nothing of Mr. Roosevelt's recently discovered moral issue in the tariff, or in the recent revision of the tariff. By no sign or hint does it indicate that special interests, with an illegitimate and sinister hold on the party, dictated any feature of the tariff as it stood before the revision or as it stands now. Notorious as it is that not even the crudest attempt was made to conform with the promise of the Republican platform, the Saratoga platform has the effrontery to talk about "still more accurately" determining in the future the difference in cost of production at home and abroad. What was done in the last Republican campaign in the way of tariff-reform promises was accurately characterized by Judge Parker in his speech. "The promise of a revision of the tariff," he said, "by a special session of Congress, to be called immediately after the inauguration of the next President, was intended to hold the tariff-reduction Republicans in line, while the trick in the phraseology was to be made clear to the tariff beneficiaries." And it was because the trick thus devised was carried out according to programme that we have seen the great insurgent movement which has split the Republican party in twain. It was only after the trick had been executed that the big men of the regular Republican organization realized that the honest tariff-reduction Republicans were sufficient in numbers and importance to be reckoned with after election as well as before. President Taft's Winona speech, following on his laudation of Aldrich at Boston, was the signal for the breaking out of a storm of which the strength and volume have been made continually more manifest from that day to this. And yet the Saratoga Convention calmly goes on record as standing pat upon the Payne-Aldrich tariff and inviting its endorsement by the voters of the State of New York. Truly, the Democrats have a straight and easy path marked out for them.

"BACON IS SHAKE-SPEARE."

The Baconian incubus is always with us—ever violent, but at some times more violent than at others. Only last year there was a mighty summoning of strength, with rumors that the author of the tome had submitted his ciphers to the department of mathematics in a large Eastern university and had been assured that the laws of chance could never explain them. The public breathed more freely when it learned that the

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department was in reality that of education, and when ingenious jokers began to discover Bacon's *bona-fide* signature in "The Light of Asia," Gray's "Elegy," a Tibetan grammar, and even on the cover of a bill of fare in a German restaurant. Indeed, Bacon was everywhere, and there was an uncomfortable feeling that he might be found writ plainly even in one's most private documents. Such anachronisms, it is true, could scarcely be offset by the fact that Bacon, according to his own statement, took all knowledge for his province. It seemed then as though the death-blow to this fallacy had been administered—but only for a moment. Lovers of the under dog—and it is surprising how cheaply one can become the under dog—received romantic hurt from such trifling refutation as that just cited, and waited resolutely for another prophet. He has now arrived in the person of Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, Bart, B.A., LL.B., etc., and from the title of his book, "Bacon is Shake-speare," to the end the reader is left in doubt concerning neither his message nor his truculence.

The old ground is covered, to the effect that contemporary evidence exists of Bacon's powers, both as poet and dramatist, and of Shakespeare's total ignorance of such matters. Like the rest of his cult, the author attempts the two-fold task of writing Bacon up and Shakespeare down. As the spokesman of his country, he proclaims:

> England is now declining any longer to dishonor and defame the greatest genius of all time by continuing to identify him with the mean, drunken, ignorant, and absolutely unlettered rustic of Stratford, who never in his life wrote so much as his own name, and in all probability was totally unable to read one single line of print.

It would be unnecessary to reckon with such extravagance if it were not certain that this book will be read widely. For the author professes to hobnob with leading Shakespearean scholars and shows what might be taken for impressive learning; it is clear, too, that he has a large Baconian library. We may glance at his crucial test. The well-known tribute to Shakespeare in the first folio, assigned to Ben Jonson, contains, if rightly manipulated, 287 letters. This is a magic number; be patient yet a little. In "Love's Labour's Lost" the clown, we had supposed, was merely talking big when he said "honorificabilitudinitatibus," especially as the word had been used a century or so before. Not so; Bacon is breathing his heart-secret, for the letters may be arranged into the bad Latin and bad hexameter

> Hi lu|di F|Baco|nis na|ti tui|ti orbi,
> These plays F. Bacon's offspring are preserved for the world.

More is coming. The initial letters of the words and the terminals, if put into numerals corresponding to their positions in the alphabet, foot up to 136, which is the number of the page in the first folio upon which the whole word occurs! The similar numerical equivalent of all the letters in the word amounts to 287! Of course, the real test of this evidence is the still more startling thought that such a discovery should have been made exactly 287 years after the first folio appeared.

The growth of Baconian literature will, we fear, never cease until legitimate scholars are willing to take the matter seriously. It does little good to show up the true meaning of any cipher, because any one who is committed to the cipher habit can easily find new combinations when old ones are refuted. What is needed is a careful comparison of Bacon's ideas and even of his style with Shakespeare's, for Elizabethan prose was in large measure poetic. For one thing, is it quite possible that one whose conception of friendship was strictly utilitarian and who insisted that the greatest men in the world never fell in love could have treated those qualities even in a fiction with what surely looks like instinctive idealism? Or the question might be fought out on the issue of humor alone. If there could be found in Bacon's known works even one really good joke, not quoted—for he attempts to be funny at times, and surely has quite as much occasion for humor as Montaigne—his claim to the plays would be greatly helped.

But, after all, to meet the Baconian problem seriously, Shakespearean criticism itself must assume a different form. Despite all that has been written on Shakespeare, ideas concerning him are still hit or miss, and largely because scholarly attention has been focussed on the formal, mechanical side. When one may read the statement in authoritative books that Marlowe, for instance, might, if he had lived, have been a formidable rival of Shakespeare, it is clear that criticism has not progressed very far. Even at the outset, there was in Shakespeare's poems and plays alike, a quality which Marlowe never possessed—an imagination which insinuates itself into the manifold bearings of individual moments. The richly varied Richard II placed beside Marlowe's monotonous Edward II furnishes a point of departure for Shakespearean criticism which might well be used. Such a study, if sanely pursued, would serve to identify Shakespeare to such a degree, we believe, that even a Baconian here and there might give heed.

THE REIGN OF THE ELEMENTAL.

When Mr. Bryce, in his revision of the "American Commonwealth," comes to the chapter on "The Position of Women," he will find himself compelled to ponder the change that the years have wrought in the "fondness for sentiment, especially moral and domestic sentiment, which is often observed as characterizing American taste in literature." These words may have been true once, and may yet be true again, but can any constant reader of our contemporary literature uphold them as descriptive of its present phase? Is it sentiment that is displayed in the most conspicuous places on the book-stalls? Is it the gentle ripple of domestic felicity that is emblazoned in red ink on the covers of our most successful magazines? There may have been a time when we were threatened with the feminization of our culture, but that time, happily for any man who has red blood in his veins, is past. We are done with delicate touching of the outer layers of life. What we are all for now is the vital, the genuine, the wholesome, the unafraid. We want—and get—stories and articles about big-hearted men, men who have a tang, men who are always standing with one fist in the air in their hatred of sham, their devotion to justice, their scorn of a lie. We have gloriously emerged from the twilight zone of polite phrases and courteous dealing, and stand with a new bravery, trustful of no one, suspicious of everything that isn't as open as we insist every sewer ought to be, and ready to meet, "man-fashion," everybody and everything.

It was time, indeed, that the change came. We were rapidly treading the way of all nations that had lost their virility. We had lost the splendid daring of our ozone-breathing forefathers.

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We had lost the taste for the pathological, if we had ever advanced far enough to acquire it. It was the uncrowned poet-laureate of England that first roused us to what we were missing in the real world of masculine men and masculine deeds. From him we caught a liking for the untamed, the crude, the savage. He taught us where alone we might find the unspoiled, the undegenerate. This prepared us for a clearer call of the wild, a return to the time when man was only a little lower than the animals. To-day, it would be a brute indeed that could outdo us in robustness of temper, in freedom from squeamishness, in absorption in the elemental. The primary virtues of truth and frankness are preached in every advertisement. The brotherhood of man is assiduously fostered by magazine-editors. The federation of the world for the conservation of the primitive graces is near.

But while Kipling and Jack London must be credited with a large share in the movement of humanity towards freshness and pungency, mere letters could not have brought the revolution full. It required a more direct method, a still less restrained style, a yet further remove from the softness and convention and hesitation that had followed in the wake of good-breeding, falsely so-called, to lift us to the plane where our hatreds should outweigh our loves, our denunciations exceed our approvals, our enthusiasms overpeer our appreciations, and our outspokenness blunt our discrimination. It was Thomas F. Lawson who, in the words of an admirer, was "cheerfully willing to let literature 'go hang' for braver things," and marked out the path to the purely elemental. He was the first of the present generation to do anything "man-fashion." Before his lurid advent, people in their benightedness did what they had to do in mere gentleman-fashion or woman-fashion or child-fashion—absurd cowardly temporizings, all of them. But red-blooded human beings and all animals conduct their relations "man-fashion," and we are on the right track at last.

We have mastered a new vocabulary, in which plain-speaking and hard-hitting, without cant and without adulteration, "strike vibrantly and aggressively the note of the new Americanism," which is intensely human and intensely graphic. No person has anything to conceal from any other person. Nobody any longer lowers his voice, because tumult and shouting are provocative of larger apparent results, and, besides, low voices have "gone out." We have lifted the lid and smashed the glass that were keeping us from complete self-revelation to every passer-by.

We would not underrate the positive good in this stripping off of the clothes of civilization, but we do protest that civilization is more than a glove to be removed and turned wrong-side out at will. There is a time for gloves and a time to go without gloves, but with clothes it is vastly different. Outside of the halls of art and the hospitals, clothes have too long been considered a decent and necessary part, not simply of the body but of the whole man, to be left off now. It is a return to the elemental with a vengeance when personality can throw off the delicate draperies that its own sensitiveness has woven for it, and, with a bravery utterly beyond the reach of the physical person, count it a compliment to have it said of it that it is naked and that it is not ashamed.

WINSLOW HOMER.

The late Winslow Homer, one of the strongest marine painters of all time, was already a popular figure fifty years ago. As an illustrator of the civil war he was counted with the best, and he followed up that success with a series of admirable genre studies of negro life. A self-trained man, he was emphatically one of ourselves; his pictures needed no recondite eulogy or interpretation. He saw American themes with American eyes. That he was not contented with this easy and honorable path may be judged by the fact that in his forties he abandoned illustration, settled on a remote crag in Maine, and gave himself to the study of the life of fishermen and the moods of the northern sea.

After more than fifteen years of his seclusion, men began to suspect that a great painter had arisen. The hand of this veteran constantly gained power, his invention instinctively attained classic form. The last twenty years of his life were distinguished by a series of paintings in which was grasped, as never before in the history of art, the sheer energy of the ocean, its thunderous unforgetting onslaught against the raw edges of a continent. He treated with force and sympathy many aspects of fisher life. The weather-beaten head of a sailor shouting through night and storm, "All's well!" is representative of this side of his genius. But he is most himself in those pictures which, without conventional human interest, catch the ravening waves gnawing at the rocks, dragging the seaweed into the crevices, or exploding in clamorous geysers. It was the awful energy of such a scene that attracted him. For him the spindrift was not merely a filmy and decorative incident, but an acrid volley that cut the exposed face. Waves were not for him mere undulating forms, but active and potentially destructive masses of water, with formidable impetus and weight; and although his sense of bulk and texture was fine and accurate, he chose to emphasize in his latest work less the specific forms of rock and wave than the shock of their collision. It is this dynamic sense that gives him a peculiar eminence among the artists of his time, and this dæmonic quality in the work must condone some lack of the finest color sense and occasional crudity of execution. His subjects did not comport with that small preciousness of workmanship which was so highly prized by his contemporaries, and he willingly sacrificed epidermal charm to dynamic effect.

Yet charm and dexterity he possessed in a high degree. Only it is little in sight in his later and standard work. For many years, he made water-color studies of all conceivable subjects. There is an extraordinary series of fish leaping under the sting of the hook, there are sketches that contain the cerulean sea and sky of Bermuda and Nassau, and entrap the very sunlight of those blessed isles. Here, unlike his oil paintings, which are a bit labored, all is spontaneity and gusto. These minor sketches are miracles of execution. In them are balanced combinations of apparently incompatible colors. Work, in the sense of repeated effort, is absent; the effect depends upon some incredible simplification, both of the vision and of the creative act. Here such lightning executants as Besnard and Brangwyn are challenged in their old field. In fact, for real analogues to this joyous side of Winslow Homer's activity one must go to the wonder-working painters of Japan.

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It is strange and perhaps regrettable that he never fully established a good understanding between the sketcher and the deliberate picture-maker. His larger paintings had much to gain from the slightest studies. It is possible that he suffered the inevitable penalty of devout nature worship in a certain specialization and narrowing of his gift. His theme was the eternal conflict of sea and land. May he not have feared to depict the tragedy in other than sombre colors? In any case, the suavity that accompanies the apparent brusqueness of his watercolor sketches is generally lacking in his larger marines, and his work presents a dual aspect. In an admirable simplicity, energy, and fidelity to dynamic truth, we find the unifying principle of a stalwart and purposeful manhood and an enduring lifework.

It was a resolute sense of ends that gave Winslow Homer his immense superiority over most of his contemporaries in painting. The hesitant, day-dreaming, essentially dilettante mood of many modern artists was alien to his spirit. Nobody tried harder than he, but nobody would have been more scornful of conventionally romantic notions about the unattainable and the tragedy of the artistic temperament. To the end, which came in his retreat by his dearly loved ocean, he was progressing. One life was too short for the complete unfolding of so great a gift.

For twenty years past, honors have been showered upon Winslow Homer. The other day a sympathetic British critic, estimating the American exhibition at Berlin, rightly found in Winslow Homer's paintings the authentic and valuable American note. Yet we doubt if he is esteemed according to his merits, and when his portfolios are searched there may be surprises analogous to the sensation created by Ruskin when he explored the waste papers of the recluse Turner.

VICTORIAN LITERATURE.

(The Philosophy of Change.)

I.

To write a history of English literature from 1837 to 1901, in all its manifold ramifications from political economy to fiction, is a task to make any but the stoutest heart quail, and, whatever else may be said of Professor Walker's volume, it bears evidence of industrious reading and patient understanding.* Like most works of its kind, it suffers somewhat from uncertainty of aim, being neither quite encyclopædic in completeness of detail nor sufficiently arbitrary in selection to deal effectively with ideas. But its arrangement by subjects and its inclusion of so much that is commonly rejected from literary history offer this great compensation that we are enabled to see the interworking of the various intellectual currents: Darwin and Tennyson, Malthus and Matthew Arnold, Spencer and Newman, thus appear as fellow-laborers, moulding and expressing that subtle, evasive thing we call the spirit of the age. Evasive in a way that spirit is, as the inner forces of life must always be, yet there is one date and one book so preëminent that no one can go astray in seeking the centre of Victorian thought. At the close of the reign—Professor Walker recalls the incident that every one will remember—a London daily paper asked its readers to send in lists of the ten books, English or foreign, which in their judgment were the greatest and most influential of the century past. The lists varied widely, save in one respect: in every list stood Darwin's publication of 1859, "The Origin of Species."

One is not inclined to take these plebiscites very seriously, yet this was really an extraordinary event. Probably not half the persons who named "The Origin of Species" had ever seriously read it, yet they all felt in some vague way that this book had struck the keynote of the century. In Darwin's hypothesis, though they may not have comprehended its full bearing, they thought the mind of man had found at last that for which it had long been seeking—the perfect scientific formula: it looked to them as if a new and everlasting basis for truth had been laid. Descartes had reduced the physical world to a mechanical system, and Newton had formulated its mathematical laws. But Descartes had, theoretically at least, separated the sphere of the human spirit from his system, and to bring the living world, exclusive of man, within its control he had denied to animals all reason and emotion and treated them as mere machines; while Newton in his laws merely ignored the whole organic creation. This extra-scientific field Darwin finally reclaimed, and, by the elimination of teleological and other foreign elements and by the authority of his vast patience, raised evolution to the side of gravitation. As an equivalent of the mechanical law of motion in the inanimate world he gave precise expression to the absolute law of change in the animate, thus uniting inorganic and organic (including all that is man) in one universal scheme of science. The new law left no place for a power existing outside of nature and controlling the world as a lower order of existence, nor did it recognize a higher and a lower principle working within nature itself, but in the mere blind force of variation, in the very unruliness to design or government, found the source of order and development. Chance itself was thus rendered calculable, and science reigned supreme through "all this changing world of changeless law." No wonder that men were a little dazed by the marvellous simplicity and finality of this formula, and were ready to exclaim, with a new meaning to the words:

> Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.

II.

All this may seem rather remote from Victorian literature, but in fact it is, as the anecdote related by Professor Walker indicates, the very heart of the matter. Science has been, admittedly, the dominating intellectual force of the age, and the point of contact of science with literature is just this law of change. For it must not be forgotten that law, as it is understood in science, is a formulation of motion in the organic and of change in the inorganic realms as a power sufficient without any added principle of control to work out the ends of creation as we see them amplified in orderly recurrence and progress. Modern science and romanticism sprang up together, and have grown side by side. In one respect they have embraced diverse, even hostile, temperaments—on this side the man who deals with facts and tends to a hard materialism or a dry intellectualism, on the other the man of sentiment who dreams and loses himself in futile revery. Yet it is a notorious, if paradoxical, fact that the effect of science on art and literature has been to reinforce a romantic impressionism, and that the man of scientific training when he turns to the humanities is almost always an impressionist.. The reason is plain: he simply carries into art the law of change with which he has dealt in his proper sphere, and acknowledges no principle of taste superior to the shifting pleasure of the individual. In this he is typical of the age, for if the particular causo-mechanical theory of evolution promulgated by Darwin has proved untenable, evolution itself has remained as almost the universal creed of those who believe that some such hypothesis will ultimately be found adequate to explain all the processes of life.

And it is easy to trace the working of the same belief in other regions of contemporary thought, most easy, no doubt, in philosophy, which is nothing more than the effort of the reason to interpret in its own terms the common

*"The Literature of the Victorian Era." By Hugh Walker. Cambridge University Press. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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impulse and ambition of a period. The metaphysicians of to-day are not in harmony among themselves, as they never have been. There is a respectable school of idealists who hold to a theory of absolute unity and stability in which all the diversity and motion of the world are in some transcendental way absorbed. But these are not the regnant and effective teachers; they are, so to speak, the beautiful relics of a past creed. Pragmatism is the slogan of the hour, and there is a kind of truth in the remark thrown out recently in an English review that William James was the most influential leader in the spiritual life of the present generation. Now Pragmatism is just the culmination of what may be called the central philosophizing of the past century. It has assumed many forms, and is sometimes denied by its votaries; but always it is a philosophy of the flux, and its general tendency is at once romantic and scientific, an adventurous revolt against the dogmatic intellectualism in which science has involved itself, and at the same time thoroughly evolutionary, even Darwinian, in theory. In the words of Professor Dewey*:

> When he [Darwin] said of species what Galileo had said of the earth, *e pur se muove*, he emancipated, once for all, genetic and experimental ideas as an organon of asking questions and looking for explanations.

As a result we have the metaphysical conception "of a wide open universe, a universe without bounds in time or space, without final limits of origin or destiny"—in short, to use the elegant pragmatic diction borrowed from the police courts, "a universe with the lid off." No, continues our philosophical guide,

> Nature is not an unchangeable order, unwinding itself majestically from the reel of law under the control of deified forces. It is *an indefinite congeries of changes*. Laws are not governmental regulations which limit change, but are convenient formulations of selected portions of change followed through a longer or shorter period of time, and then registered in statistical forms that are amenable to mathematical manipulation.

I am not here attempting to controvert Pragmatism, though it may be well to repeat what has been said elsewhere, that it is just as much a one-sided rationalization of the data of experience as the contrary theory of idealism which Professor Dewey brushes aside contemptuously as "intellectual atavism." To the self-sufficiency of the pragmatist and idealist alike, there is one reply: "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

III.

Of the other manifestations of the law of change, I may speak even more briefly. In religion, it is exhibited in the extraordinary influence of Cardinal Newman upon Brunetière and other French modernists who see, or think they see, in his "theory of development of doctrine" a means of reconciling Christian dogma with the scientific spirit of the age. The Catholic theory of development as expounded by Newman meant the slow grasping by human intelligence of great ideas which were nevertheless "communicated to the world once for all by inspired teachers"; it is a perception of change playing about a fixed basis of unchangeable truth, with a growing tendency to lay weight in this dualism upon the element of change. The so-called "new theology" of Protestantism is more thoroughgoing, and, virtually dispensing with the relation of mankind to an immutable deity, discovers all of religion that is necessary in the varying sympathy of man with his fellow man unregulated by any divine command or revelation.

Economics in its acceptance of the temper of the times has undergone a strange but perfectly logical reversal. Synchronously with the growth of the evolutionary theory arose the economic doctrine of *laissez-faire*, which held that a world of economic order would develop mechanically from the free play of individuals upon one another without the intervention of any governmental and, so to speak, external regulation of competition. It was the acknowledged source of the Darwinian notion of the survival of the fittest amidst the accidental and competitive variation of individuals. Such a theory was pragmatic with a vengeance, and brought its pragmatic penalty of social disease and rebellion. In its place has arisen the socialistic creed, which for the struggle of individuals sets up the warfare of classes. It is withal as convincedly evolutionary as was its predecessor—however much it may threaten revolution in practice—and as impatient of any law of control outside of material forces, only these forces have assumed a social instead of an individualistic form. Both self-developing individualism and self-developing socialism are the children of the law of change, and the admixture of humanitarian sympathy in both is really only another aspect of the same principle.

And the theory of education has naturally gone along with these economic and philosophic innovations. The elective system in its present form is plainly a late-born offspring of the individualistic doctrine of *laissez-faire*. The whole shift of emphasis from the classics and humanities to scientific or quasi-scientific studies is a revulsion from the old notion that the experience of life in its essential phases is permanent and has once for all been expressed, to the conception of man as completely immersed in the *indefinite congeries of changes* which we call nature. We sometimes blame the teachers of Latin and Greek for certain disquieting weaknesses that have shown themselves in the recent results of education; as a matter of fact their only fault has been the lack of sufficient insight and strength to stem the tide of custom; by endeavoring to bring classical instruction into conformity with the spirit of the age they have largely forfeited its distinct virtue and have so far rendered it superfluous. If Greek affords no discipline corrective of the influence of science and different from that of the languages in which modern tendencies are expressed, the study of it is merely an enormous waste of time.

IV.

And inevitably as science, becoming aware of the sway of change in nature, tried to formulate this power in terms of a causo-mechanical law, so poetry attempted to give it expression in human emotion. If any one thing is learned from such a survey of the poets of the past age and of to-day as we get in Professor Walker's volume, it is the constant immanence of this philosophy of change, manifesting itself in both the form and the substance of our verse. Walt Whitman is taken by many to be the most significant poet of America, not on account of his mere democracy, but because his democracy was part and parcel of his proclamation of the philosophy of change and motion. The universe to his eye was a strange motley procession of shifting forms, at which he gazed undismayed, calling upon no passing appearance to stay for an instant and deliver its meaning. To William Morris also the world was a swift-moving succession of forms, glinting now with iridescent colors and breathing entranced melodies, with always the haunting fear in the observer's mind that if for one moment they should pause in their headlong flight they would vanish irrevocably into the void: life is many-hued, intricate motion; rest is death. And the evocation of Swinburne was essentially the same unintermittent flux of phenomena, though with him it took the special form of dissolving the earth into endless impressions of blowing wind and billowing water, with no solid ground beneath the feet. In Browning the new philosophy took the disguise of a buoyant revelling in the mere conflict and tumult of life without any formal restraint upon its multiform activity. His joyous acceptance of the world and his exultant optimism that all things will of themselves work out right have passed with many for spiritual insight, whereas in reality his appeal to the present is due to his blind courage in waiving the check that comes with insight into the spirit of permanence.

There is, of course, another aspect of Victorian poetry which must not be ig-

*"The Influence of Darwin on Philosophy, and Other Essays in Contemporary Thought." By John Dewey. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

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nored. As no age, even the most self-satisfied, is entirely itself, but carries with it the memory of all that has gone before, so these singers of the flux are troubled at times by echoes of a past experience. Now and again a line, a note, will slip in that recalls the old desire of changeless rest and of the consummation of peace. It might even be more exact to say that the poets of the century as a whole do not so much give utterance to the unhesitating acceptance of the official philosophy as they express its ever-growing predominance. And thus the most characteristic voices among the Victorians were just the two, Tennyson and Matthew Arnold, who felt most poignantly and sang most clearly, though in diverse ways, the transition from the old to the new. In Tennyson the two fields lay curiously side by side, and it is the sign of a certain lack of hardness in his mental fibre that he never seemed to perceive their mutual antagonism. At one moment he is the conscious laureate of science and evolution and of a self-evolving change moving to some far-off divine event; at another he is the prophet of insight, singing the mystery of the timeless, changeless spirit. Matthew Arnold's intelligence was too well-knit to suffer any such disruption of its powers. With him the error was deeper, yet more logical. Emotionally he was about equally susceptible to the prevailing currents of his day and of the past, and their coming together produced a strange uneasiness of mind and heart, leaving him at home neither in this world nor the other. He looked abroad and saw nothing but change, and it seemed to him as if the permanent things that his soul craved were themselves in a state of transition. So it was he made his famous complaint, which is, in a way, the confession of his generation, at the Grande Chartreuse:

> Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
> The other powerless to be born,
> With nowhere yet to rest my head,
> Like these, on earth I wait forlorn.

But if this confusion in Matthew Arnold, or parallelism in Tennyson, of the past and the present is characteristic of Victorian poetry, the triumph in the end is coming overwhelmingly to the new philosophy. If any one writer represents the thought of those who are most deeply immersed in the spirit of the passing day, it is George Meredith, and there is no poet or prose-writer in English who more speaks and exalts the belief in humanity as completely involved in the process of natural growth. This, I suspect, rather than any perversity of wit, is the true reason that the few who have not yet bent the knee to the time-spirit, are at once attracted by his subtlety of superficial observation and repelled by the absence of those deep underlying emotions which they have learned to expect in great literature. He has written out his reading of life in "The Woods of Westermain," and the heart of his reading is at the end of his glorification of Change as the wondrous renovator and revealer:

> Change, the strongest son of Life,
> Has the Spirit here to wife.

Perhaps we do not often enough consider the profound innovation that such a sentiment indicates, nor look unflinchingly into the great gulf that is separating our little space of time from all that has preceded. Innumerable poets of the past have reflected on change and mutability and on its part and meaning in human destiny, and their testimony, until this moment of ours, has been almost universally that which Spenser sang so well in the unfinished book of "The Faerie Queene":

> What man that sees the ever-whirling wheele
> Of *Change*, the which all mortall things doth sway,
> But that thereby doth find, and plainly feele,
> How MUTABILITY in them doth play
> Her cruell sports, to many mens decay?

V.

No doubt there is much to admire in our modern poets, with the great name of Tennyson at their head, who have bowed down in the temple of the idol of Mutability. They have many traits of beauty and strength; they tease us with subtle appeals to the heart and brain; they write from a wide and complicated experience, and their concern over "the hopeless tangle of the age" gives them often an air of profundity; yet withal they leave us doubting whether there is in them the solid stuff to endure. Some deeper satisfaction or assurance is wanting to their work, and they themselves seem in a way transitional and transitory, as their themes and their very rhythms spring from the spirit of change. For it is certain that the quintessence of poetical emotion, the very kernel of the bitter-sweet passion of life and the world, arises from the simultaneous perception in man's destiny of the ever-fleeting and of that which is *contrary to mutabilitie*. The contrast has taken a thousand forms and concealed itself under many obscure disguises, but always, if you search deeply, you will discover its presence in the passages of verse, or even of prose, that stir in the reader's heart the lasting response of art. If illustrations are necessary, the most familiar are the best. Thus Andrew Marvell, in the poem inscribed "To His Coy Mistress," starts suddenly from the contemplation of her several charms to that never-forgotten outcry:

> But at my back I always hear
> Time's winged chariot hurrying near,
> And yonder all before us lie
> Deserts of vast eternity.

In those lines, more perhaps than anywhere else in English, the coming together of change and changelessness, the conflict between the passionate desire of ephemeral beauty and the motionless depths of man's eternal nature, rises to a sublimity that is closer to fear than to pleasure. Oftener it speaks the language of regret or wistful playfulness, as in Waller's inimitable descant on the old, old theme:

> Go, lovely Rose!
> Tell her that wastes her time and me—

where the sting of the pathos is due to a kind of pretty condescension of the spirit to the transitory symbols of time. When I consider all the richness of emotional content that must go out of poetry with the loss in our consciousness of anything "stayed upon the pillars of eternity," I am filled with concern for the future of letters. Already the impoverishment of Victorian literature in this respect is notable, and even where the contrast between the two spheres of our nature is implied it comes generally with a significant assimilation of the higher to the lower.

The Victorian age, even more than others, was a time of transition. It has passed, and one thing at least is sure: we shall have no great literature again until we have looked once more within our own breasts and learned that there is something in human nature besides an *indefinite congeries of changes*. As it is now the very mould and *genre* of the higher emotion have been lost. It is almost inconceivable, for example, that a true tragedy should be composed to-day; for the tragic character, whether it be Antigone breaking herself magnanimously in the name of the unwritten eternal laws against the edicts of Creon, or Œdipus bruised and blinded by his ignorance of the divine purpose but caught up after years of submission into mystic fellowship with the gods, or Hamlet musing undecided while he listens to the fateful voices—everywhere the tragic mood depends on the unresolved conflict in human motives between the universal and the particular, the changeless law and the temporal passion. It even seems that, with the disappearance of the greater form, there is passing away the ambition to write greatly. And naturally. For if the permanence of a work of art is due to its fit expression of the permanent in human desire and experience, what room is there for the long hope, or what impulse to sacrifice present popularity for enduring fame, when the very notion has become discredited of any principle contrary to ceaseless change?

VI.

I have been concerned here primarily with literature, but obviously the perils of literature are bound up with those that beset the practical world. There is need of firm hearts and clear brains to

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bring us out of this slough of indifference, but unfortunately the strong men are too often paralyzed by a curious superstition of words. The saying has gone abroad that strength means joy in change and that he who would question change is reactionary and effeminate; and so in the name of progress and virility we drift supinely with the current. If by reactionary is understood only the man who shudders at all innovation and who cries out for some impossible restoration of the past, the charge is well made. Such a man in the social realm corresponds to the metaphysician who would deny the existence of change and the many for an exclusive and sterile idealism of the one. But reaction may be, and in the true sense is, something utterly different from this futile dreaming; it is essentially to answer action with action, to oppose to the welter of circumstance the force of discrimination and selection, to direct the aimless tide of change by reference to the co-existing law of the immutable fact, to carry the experience of the past into the diverse impulses of the present and so to move forward in an orderly progression. If any young man, feeling now within himself the power of accomplishment, hesitates to be called a reactionary, in this better use of the term, because of the charge of effeminacy, let him take courage. The world is not contradicted with impunity, and he who sets himself against the world's belief will have need of all a man's endurance and all a man's strength. The adventurous soul who today against the reigning scientific and pragmatic dogma would maintain no vague and equally one-sided idealism, but the true duality of the one and the many, the absolute and the relative, the permanent and the mutable, will find himself subjected to an intellectual isolation and contempt as effective as the inquisition in producing a silent conformity. Submission to the philosophy of change is the real effeminacy; it is the virile part to react. P. E. M.

Correspondence.

WILLIAM JAMES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: All the students of Prof. William James, whether they knew him in the lecture-rooms at Harvard or in his books, and especially those to whom his gracious personality was the light of all his teaching, will be grateful, I think, to have called to their attention an article in the July number of the *Hibbert Journal* entitled "A Pluralistic Mystic." This essay is characteristic of Professor James, for, as his custom was, he speaks of the concrete, the human reality, the mysterious and unfinished world. And with habitual courtesy and generous eloquence, he writes not for himself, but for another. But I wish to call attention in particular to the closing sentences of this essay, which, as they are in one of his last publications, will have, for all who knew him, a striking solemnity:

Let my last word, then, speaking in the name of intellectual philosophy, be his word: "There is no conclusion. What has concluded that we might conclude in regard to it? There are no fortunes to be told and no advice to be given. Farewell!"

Those of us who are still leaning on the recollection of his generous and gallant life will hear in his "last word" what always thrilled us in his teaching: the call of undiscovered countries, the lure of enchanted cities, the shout of the mariner, and the cry of battle. I think in this message, as in all his life, we hear above the battle of the schools that cry of "On! On! On!"

And while we shall remember his great name and high example in many and affectionate relations, just now, I think, we shall bear him in our memory as one who was always pressing *on*, who never ventured to write conclusions and finalities, who never presumed to lock those open doors which no man may shut. There is "no conclusion" to such a life, or the nature of truth. Not unto us—*non nobis*—shall be given the divine right to say, it is finished.

Warren S. Archibald.

Pittsfield, Mass., September 28.

THE MEANING OF STYLE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In tracing the sources of my discontent with usages and discussions of the word "style," some long familiar and some recent in your columns, I seem to be confronted, finally, not by a theory, but by a condition, namely, the condition of the word "style" as actually meaning more than one thing.

If it might be said that the "style" of Ruskin or Tolstoy or Arnold is good and his "manner" bad; that both the "style" and the "manner" of Newman are almost beyond criticism, and that the "manner" of Sainte-Beuve is perhaps even better than his "style"; and if I might say in illustration that while in the tendencies of my own thinking and beliefs, there is perhaps more agreement with Count Tolstoy than with Cardinal Newman, yet Newman's "manner" is so good that I sympathize while I disagree; whereas, if I disagree with Tolstoy, I am generally in a temper with him on account of his "manner" toward any one who feels competent to disagree—all this would very well define the word "manner." And this definition of "manner" would point also to the different definition of "manners" under which one may accurately say that the controversial "manners" of Milton and his contemporaries were bad—since brutal personalities are, of course, bad manners—whereas one would not go so far in expressing regret for the patronage and pedagogy of Ruskin and the superciliousness of Arnold as to say that it amounted to bad "manners."

But a definition of "style," as well as of "manner," is made by these illustrative contrasts, and this definition is open to the objection that it chooses questionably between the two meanings that especially afflict us with confusion in the usage of that word "style." "Style" in this choice meaning is that "rare gift of words, that union of simplicity and freshness, which lends a charm to writing quite independent of the ideas or images conveyed—there must be no false emphasis, no straining for effect beyond the needs of the time and place, no appearance of uneasiness, but quiet assurance and self-subordination. The law of style may be defined as the rule of Apollo: nothing too much; it is the art, first of all, of dealing frankly with the commonplace and the trivial without being common or mean." But it is easily recognized that the sense of the word "style" so analyzed is not the sense in which it is said that "the style is the man"—that is to say, a personality passed through the channel of written language, which is to the reader in some degree what the physical presence of the writer may be to those who know him. These two definitions are so far apart that, under the first, writers like Dickens or Carlyle would be said to have little or no style, and under the second, to have so much that hardly a sentence can be read without recognition; under the one definition it would be said that the great French writers have, on the whole, more style than the English, under the other, that the great English writers have, on the whole, more style than the French, a difference between French and English writers pointed out with some pains by Ferdinand Brunetière.

These two definitions, indeed, look back to, and are, perhaps, even founded upon, two literary ideals now rather vaguely defined as the classic ideal of self-control and the romantic ideal of self-expression, or the social desire for deference and restraint, and the personal desire for assertion and expansion. And this distinction in the usage of "style" is closely paralleled by the twofold use of the word "distinction" itself. For, to say that a man has "distinction" of style, or of personal bearing, would mean, in deference to etymology, that his personal bearing or literary style is marked, separate, and unmistakable; but in usage it means, also, if not rather, that his bearing or style has dignity and grace.

It is evident that to have two ideas to one word is poverty and misfortune, not so much because it renders the discussion of style difficult as that—words being the means as well as the conveyers of thought—it renders the antecedent thinking confused. Traces of this confusion are even in that fine analysis of the style of dignity and grace, which I have quoted. The "law" of even that sense of the word cannot be defined as the rule of Apollo: Nothing too much. The law must somewhere say, "There must be enough" with surely as much emphasis, and Apollo himself must hate poverty as much as he does superfluity and must love the noble generosities of language as well as its fine refusals.

At any rate, there can hardly be question that the poverty of a critical vocabulary is a darkening of counsel. No language is too rich in synonyms, in different words for associated things; and therefore another word is needed for one of the two meanings of style, and we do not know what the word should be. If we assign the word "style" exclusively to that rightness of form and freshness of phrase, and set apart by itself the meaning in which we say that anything characteristic is an element in style, and if we then assign to this latter meaning the word "character," we fall into a new family of confusions; for the word "character" is already burdened with more miscellaneous meanings than even the word "style."

Using the word "style," however, from this

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point on, in the sense of character in letters, it is evident then, that not all style is beautiful or interesting any more than all human character is beautiful or interesting. But whatever the man behind it may be, if it expresses him, it expresses him as nothing else does. In all good writing that has style, that is, character, this style has been formed of constant, however unconscious, choices, innumerable sensitive gropings, instincts, suspicions, welcomes, hopes, and avoidances. It is something "closer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet." It is the color and shape things take in the crucible and mould of the self. If we try to restate some great man's message whose works have been active for generations, to lay bare the core of his wisdom and sift out "what it was he really had to say, stripped of the glamour of his style," we shall be apt to find it either false or commonplace, or both. Whatever was impersonally true in his message has long been impersonally absorbed in the common inheritance, and whatever was impersonally false is dead. But if we turn to his written words, we shall find his message neither false nor commonplace, but still fresh and true, for he himself was that message and we had left him out. "Stripping off the glamour of his style" was taking away most of his characteristics. The question, "What in point of fact, did the man mean by it all?" is answered. "Whatever he may have thought he meant, in point of fact he meant himself, and so far as he truly expressed himself his message was true." The world does not alter so much from age to age its large features of "hunger and labor, seedtime and harvest, love and death." The variation, which saves from repetitious monotony the succeeding reports upon it, is the variation in the witnesses.

It is true that written books live on for various reasons, and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, which is by nature one of the dullest and most impersonal things existing, will outlive many glittering competitors for the History of England; but the common antiseptic to the disease of time is style, because it is that which most directly conveys a person. Because it is through persons, through the separate man, rather than through organized systems or series of events, that divinity is manifested, if at all, in human affairs. The separate man is its channel of communication, its electric connection. Through him it always comes, the unstaled wonder, the immortal novelty. Not in the thunder or the stars, or in the long fugue of history, but in the lonely soul that reaches upward in the dark is divinity most here and now, or whatsoever it is named which is always a problem and never an answer, and which is forever so mercifully wiser than those who seek it that it will not let them find it.

ARTHUR COLTON.

New York, September 26.

CLEVELAND'S APPOINTMENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of September 22 you say, in discussing President Taft's promise to give patronage to insurgent Congressmen:

> The offices in question are those not covered by the rules, not in the classified service. These have been filled by all recent Presidents—by Cleveland as by Roosevelt—on the recommendation of Congressmen.

Is not this statement, so far as it applies to Cleveland, too sweeping? I am personally cognizant of a case in which his practice was the reverse of that ascribed to him. In this instance the candidate earnestly recommended by the local Congressman (the latter, by the way, was an able and influential man) was set aside because of a protest made on moral grounds by a fellow townsman, with whom Mr. Cleveland had no personal acquaintance, and who had no other means of influencing him than testimony deemed by him credible. Is it not probable that in other cases Mr. Cleveland spurned the evil unwritten law of Congressional patronage?

The question may be added: What action in a case like the above would Mr. Taft's letter lead one to expect from him?

EDWARD Y. HINCKS.

Andover, Mass., September 23.

"GOOD AND READY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his letter regarding "good and" and "make good" (*Nation*, September 8), which has just come to my notice, Prof. J. M. Hart asks whether "any one has discussed the phrase "good and ready" as a mere intensive="very, thoroughly." To mention only one or two works familiar to the student of English, this and allied forms of expression are adequately treated in Storm's "Englische Philologie" I (Leipzig, 1896), pp. 690-692, and in Greenough and Kittredge's "Words and Their Ways in English Speech" (New York, 1901, p. 315). While it is true that "good and" does not occur in the works of English authors, as far as one may judge from the Oxford Dictionary, other expressions of identical structure, such as "fine and strong," "nice and cool," which we are wont to use in this country, are not infrequently met with in England. Some of these are quoted from English novelists by Storm, who very properly classes them as instances of the substitution of parataxis for hypotaxis, such as we also have in phrases like "try and do," etc. In registering this construction s. v. *and* B, I, 4, (p. 316 c), the Oxford Dictionary cites a passage from Shakespeare, "Romeo and Juliet," ii, 2, 8: "Her vestal livery is but sicke and green," interpreting it as a case in point (="pale green"). For evidence of the usage under discussion in other languages it is only necessary to cite such an expression as the Italian *bell' e detto*, or the Anglo-Saxon *come and geseoh* (St. John, I, 46), translating the *veni et vide*, *erwou kai ide* of the Latin and Greek.

H. R. LANG.

Boston, September 20.

NIETZSCHE'S MADNESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is there enough critical interest in Nietzsche in this country to warrant a correction of a misstatement in regard to him by that undeniably clever writer, Vernon Lee?

In her "Gospels of Anarchy," she has a chapter on Nietzsche, and toward the close of it she says:

> Haunted, hag ridden, by the sense of his own sore and struggling ego, Nietzsche, true to the autobiographical instincts which he discovered in all philosophic systematizing, made life synonymous with that ego's realization and assertion. "Give," he wrote in one of his latest and finest works, "Give me, ye gods, give me madness! madness to make me believe at last in myself."

Now these words occur in what might be called an historical or psychological paragraph on "the meaning of madness in the history of morality." In it Nietzsche cites Plato and his high estimate of madness (see the "Phædrus," 244), one species of it, the prophetic, being called the special gift of heaven, and the source of the chiefest blessings among men. The general problem with which Nietzsche was concerned was how, under primitive conditions of thought, one with ideas at variance with the *mores* of his community was to be assured that he was right, though all that passed as morality (*i. e.*, conformity with *mores*) was against him. In just such a situation as this the significance of madness appears. For this, which consisted in a losing of one's proper senses, was, according to early ideas, not a degrading, but an elevated phenomenon, a kind of sign of divine possession and approval. Hence it was something that an innovator in lonely, despairing moments might covet. And Nietzsche, with that wonderful power of sympathetic portrayal of the past which he possessed, pictures such an one putting forth the ejaculation or prayer which Vernon Lee quotes. But she, apparently hitting simply on the words, and disregarding their connection, makes the ejaculation Nietzsche's own! A lesser inaccuracy is in attributing the passage to Nietzsche's "latest" works, when it actually belongs to his middle period—the period in which he was skeptical, positivistic, and, according to ordinary ways of speaking, coolest. It occurs in "Morgenröthe" ("The Dawn of Day"), section fourteen. Mr. James Huneker, in quoting the passage in his "Egoists" (p. 268), is less confused as to its date, but still speaks of it as "his [*i. e.*, Nietzsche's] prayer."

The serious study of Nietzsche is apparently yet to begin in England and this country. Impressionist writers like Vernon Lee and Mr. Huneker one had better beware of.

WILLIAM M. SALTER.

Silver Lake, N. H., September 5.

Literature.

NEW YORK LOYALISTS.

Minutes of the Commissioners for Detecting and Defeating Conspiracies in the State of New York. Albany County Sessions, 1778-1781. Edited by Victor Hugo Paltsits, State Historian. Vol. I: 1778-1779, Vol. II: 1780-1781. Vol. III: Analytical Index. Published by the State of New York, Albany.

An adequate history of the Loyalists during the American Revolution has yet to be written. The studies of Messrs. Flick, Fisher, and Gilbert have advanced the subject in certain directions, and Mr. Van Tyne has pointed out in his excellent work the direction that further investigation should take. But for an account of the Loyalist movement in detail, we have not progressed much beyond Dr. Ellis's essay in the "Narrative and Critical History," published

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twenty years ago. Yet even that scholarly paper says very little of the southern Loyalists and is based on an incomplete survey of the material. The transcripts of Loyalist papers in the New York Public Library, valuable though they are and forming in a way a first fighting line of evidence, are but a part of the available material; and there are other records, once extant, but now lost, that continued search will probably bring to light. To handle all the sources and to cover every part of the field will be a hard and prolonged task, but a worthy one, for it will demand peculiar qualities of mind and body: the spirit of mental detachment, coupled with hard physical labor. Generalizations as to the social status of the Loyalists will not be safe until hundreds of personal careers are examined and much genealogical work done, after the fashion of Sabine's well known collection of Loyalist biographies. Questions of culpability, injustice, and ill-treatment can be answered only when the laws in all the states relating to Loyalists and their property are analyzed and their operation noted; when the activities of State and county inquisitorial boards, of whatever kind and wherever found, existing for the purpose of detecting and punishing disaffection, are critically studied, and an estimate formed of their character and efficiency; when the later careers of refugee Loyalists in England, Canada, and the West Indies are to a certain extent followed up; and when the work of the Claims Committee in London has been more thoroughly investigated. Even then there will be left the difficult ethical, psychological, and economic aspects of the case, all of which must remain more or less speculative even among the most impartial observers. The subject is far from simple, and it has been shamefully neglected by nearly all our students of Revolutionary history. Except for Dr. Ellis, Mr. Van Tyne is the only one who has honestly grappled with it.

The two volumes which Mr. Paltsits, the new State historian of New York, has edited as the first fruits of his office, are a valuable contribution to the Loyalist question. They contain the journal of the Albany County commissioners, 1778-1781, appointed for detecting and defeating conspiracies in the State of New York, one of the few remaining records of its kind, since none of the other minutes of the seven New York county boards are known to exist, and even these minutes are incomplete, covering only about three-fifths of the five years of the board's life. The valuable collateral papers, frequently referred to in these minutes and consisting of the accumulated files of correspondence and the like, are unhappily missing also. The board was appointed to guard "against the wicked machinations and designs of the foreign and domestic foes," and under its instructions, it concerned itself with a wide range of activities—counterfeiting, murders, robbery and plunder, passes, prisoners, deserters, etc., but its main business was watching Loyalists. In the widest sense the term "Loyalist" included not only those who had property claims to present to the Claims Committee after 1783, but also those who suffered no loss, except, perhaps, of liberty and bodily comfort. The board looked after every disaffected person—those who drank the King's health and "damned every one who opposed the King's laws," harbored or concealed emissaries from the enemy, furnished the enemy with provisions, sought to enlist men in the enemy's service, met in suspicious gatherings, as at Livingston's Manor or "back of Cooksakie, under a pretence of religious worship," or in general did anything that placed them in the class of suspects. Even the "Shaking Quakers" came under suspicion, "as having a tendency to alienate the minds of the people from their allegiance to the State by inculcating an opinion of the unlawfulness of taking up arms in defence of the American cause." The duties of the board were very undesirable, and when, in 1782, it was proposed to abolisn it, those who were members at that time declared that they did not "wish to insinuate a desire of continuing in the exercise of the office, it being a very disagreeable task and subject to aspersions." Yet the record of their attendance shows that in forty months, they met above 650 times.

From the rather meagre entries of the journal it is difficult to form a satisfactory estimate of the attitude and efficiency of the board. Everything goes to show, however, that the commissioners sought to act honorably both in law and equity. They were governed chiefly by two laws, that of February 5, 1778, which contained the instructions, and that of June 30, 1778, which concerned "neutral and equivocal characters." A later law of July 1, 1780, required them to provide for the removal of the families of persons who had joined the enemy. Under the second law, the justice of which has frequently been called in question, they "banished," that is, sent within the enemy's lines, certain persons of prominence in the State, who, though willing to take oath not to aid the enemy in any way, would not take the oath of allegiance required, and were compelled to leave at shortest notice, with those of their families incapable of bearing arms and, if they wished themselves to bear the cost of transportation, with all their clothing and household furniture. No one will deny that this law imposed excessive hardships upon those against whom it was directed, and the well-known "Life" of Peter Van Schaack, the most conspicuous member of this group, bears witness to the sufferings endured. Whether or not the law was necessary, we may not decide; the board certainly deemed it so and interpreted it with the utmost strictness, holding many of these Loyalists as prisoners of war subject to exchange. But the number of "banished" Loyalists was comparatively small, and we hear little of the law after 1778.

The main business of the board was not with these "neutral and equivocal characters," but with persons actively disaffected and consequently dangerous to the State and to the American cause. Hundreds of such persons are mentioned by name and occupation in these records. The most incorrigible of them the board confined in jail, where they were kept at the expense of the State for varying terms; but many more were simply placed under bond, either furnished by themselves or by some good surety, preferably a freeholder. Such persons pledged themselves to be on their good behavior, to remain within certain defined limits, sometimes on a farm, sometimes in a town, or sometimes within a larger area, to serve if called upon in the militia, and to appear before the board once a month or whenever required. The amount of bail ranged from £100 to £5,000, the sum depending, not on social rank, as a "gentleman" is bailed for £100 and a "taylor" for £2,000, but on the nature of the charge. During 1780 and 1781, nearly all who came before the board were allowed to go on recognizance or on bail.

There is ample evidence to show that the board could temper justice with leniency. It inquired carefully into the merits of every case and dismissed, with a reprimand to the accuser, many a person unjustly charged. In some cases where the evidence seemed doubtful, it called for additional witnesses, giving the suspect a full opportunity of clearing himself if he could. When requested, it took measures to protect individuals and families in danger of maltreatment from their neighbors, and allowed many wives of husbands gone off to the enemy to remain in their habitations unmolested, on assurance from well-affected persons that to do so would not prove dangerous or detrimental to the American cause. During the years 1780 and 1781, many in jail were released on petitions, for one reason or another, and allowed to go at large under bond, and in cases of sickness or of family need temporary release was frequently granted. The impression gained from reading these minutes is that the board enforced the law as the times demanded, but mitigated its penalties whenever justice or humanity required.

Mr. Paltsits, as editor, has done his work in a manner that is almost faultless: the text is reproduced with great care and accuracy, as is evident from the very short list of errata given in

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the third volume, the introduction and accessory matter are all of value to the student, and the third volume contains an admirably constructed analytical index. The only addition of importance that might be suggested is a series of tabulations furnishing statistical data regarding the persons brought before the board—their names, residences, vocation, ground for suspicion, penalties, amount of bail, and the like. Such information, conveniently arranged, would save the investigator much time and labor.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Glory and the Abyss. By Vincent Brown. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

In "The Screen" this writer gave us not long ago a study of churchliness versus simple humanity which differed from current studies of the sort in being written from within the ecclesiastical enclosures. It was impossible to doubt that the deponent had intimate knowledge of the habit of life and thought prevalent within the Church of England fold. In "The Glory and the Abyss," also, the ecclesiastical, or at least parochial, atmosphere is felt. A rural vicar, his daughter, and his curate son-in-law, form a species of unsympathetic chorus to the tragic action. The daughter is really mistress of the parish, a sort of Mrs. Proudie in a nutshell—on the whole an oppressively inhuman figure. Set off against her and her interpretation of life is the vicar's brother, a writer whose theoretical pessimism and even cynicism merely masks the nature of an idealist. He only of the socially superior group discerns the marvel of Peter Bonoor's nature.

"The Soul of Peter Bonoor" might have been a fitter title for the story. He is the slow-moving, slow-thinking, illiterate son of a degenerating peasant stock. The father is a good-for-nothing drunkard. The mother has given birth to fourteen children, buried eight of them, and lives in a condition of feeble sentimentalism which is almost apathy; has her flabby being, as it were, on the border of two worlds. Four of the surviving children have gone to the bad or are on their way to it, when the story opens. Peter is the strong rock upon whom, as if in spite of itself, some sort of family life continues to be founded. One of the brothers is hopelessly depraved, but Peter saves the other for a decent manhood. A neighboring squire seduces the two pretty sisters in turn. Peter has nothing but love and pity for them, and by his influence they are saved from utter wreck. The event for Peter himself is prophesied by the literary ironist, Gilbert Biddulph, to the utter incomprehension of his churchly auditors:

"He is not a great man; but he is a great soul."

"What is the difference?" Mr. Haviland asked.

"I'll give you the world's answer. It has always martyred its great souls; and it has always grovelled at the feet of its great men. By all the spiritual laws known to me, Peter Bonoor ought to be sacrificed for his people. He is offering himself for them, and the great, still eyes of the gods are watching for the moment."

The total effect of the story is not morbid, or even sombre: Peter's soul is too great for that.

The Scales of Justice. By George L. Knapp. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The usual conflict between the amateur detective and the professional takes the form in this case of a tirade against the use of the "third degree" in extorting confessions of guilt from innocent victims. The amateur is a supernaturally wise and strong young reporter—star reporter of a yellow newspaper; the professionals are the chief of police and the head of the detective department in New York. A great and merciless financier is murdered, and the professionals, forced to find some one guilty, batter a poor wretch of the streets into signing a confession. It is a lurid and monstrous presentation of a method of detective work bad enough in itself. The interest of the book is sustained by a rather amusing company of inquisitive boarders at the house where the reporter lives. The end is a well-managed surprise. As for the style, at least it moves.

The Peacock of Jewels. By Fergus Hume. New York: G. W. Dillingham Co.

A mysterious treasure whose secret is to be revealed by reading the hieroglyphs of a jewelled peacock, a Hindu prince in search of the secret, an old English abbey inhabited by a miser and his ward, a young London lawyer who is in love with the ward, and incidentally has some of the traits of Sherlock Holmes (as all lawyers and reporters have, in these days), and a lonely man living in the London slums—the ingredients are obviously orthodox, but Mr. Hume has made of them a detective story decidedly better than the average, and quite as original. The wicked woman of the story is a character well and effectively drawn.

Franklin Winslow Kane. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. New York: The Century Co.

This book might be called the romance of a masculine Maggie Wylie—a man who has "nae charrm." It is candidly and simply a study of sentiment and exhibits a trio of complex, ultra-modern, and more or less morbid temperaments in their relations with a nature of transparent honesty and goodness. Althea Jakes, a young American of moderate wealth and spineless emotions, settles in an English country-house for the summer, and gathers to her there Gerald Digby, a fascinating but superficial young detrimental, and Helen Buchanan, a girl who, despite her singular charm, has loved Gerald hopelessly since their childhood. Gerald, blind to this attachment, proposes marriage to Althea on a basis of sound esteem and mutual helpfulness, which she accepts, only to find herself a prey to an exacting love which beats in vain at the indifference of her betrothed, while the helpfulness proves to be extended mainly by her to him. In the meantime, Franklin Kane, an American of scientific tastes, who has adored Althea as long and as vainly as Helen has Gerald, discovers unexpected balm in Gilead, namely, Helen. His friendship for her ripens to a love deeper than his long constancy to Althea, and although her affection for him is more theoretical than actual, she consents to marry him. Thereafter the three hungerers for impossibilities rend his poor soul among them, and though he is left at the end victor over himself and over circumstance, it is with a mortal hurt upon him.

Although such stress is laid upon Franklin's unattractive appearance, it is difficult to visualize his insignificance, and consequently to understand why he should seem so undesirable even to those who most clearly recognize his worth. The four are an exasperating collection, for even Franklin's nobility borders enough on that of Don Quixote to be trying at times, and the only personage of the story who does not irritate the reader is the excellent Aunt Grizel, who towers nobly above the nerve-storms that rage about her, stoutly panoplied in the saving common-sense, which seems, alas! so pathetically uncommon.

Royal Lovers: The Adventures of Two Empresses. By Helene Vacaresco. New York: John Lane Co.

This book, printed in England, is sure of a considerable market in the land of the free. Nowhere are empresses more popular than on this side of the water: nowhere is the glamour of royalty more palpitatingly felt. What chiefly impresses us, no doubt, what, however fancifully, we most delight in, is not the white light that beats upon a throne, but the august shadows that surround it. This volume, bound in purple, gives forth the aroma of court life as the romantic reader would have it—as it is recorded in the letters and memoirs which are from time to time brought forth by the literary grubber, not to say the literary scavenger. Granted, the premises that the royal persons here presented are worthy of special attention because of the divinity

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that hedges them, and all goes swimmingly. Otherwise, their experiences and utterances, as a whole, are of hardly more than ordinary interest. But the royalty is there, and the adventures of royalty are safe from reduction to terms of middle-class life. The rebellion of the Empress Georgina against the laws of her caste exhausts itself in epistolary protest: "I listen without benefit," she cries, "to the dictates of our rank; I shall never be reasoned out of my contempt. . . . What are stage tricks to our tricks, *s'il vous plait?* Sarah Bernhardt and Eleanora Duse assume a part for two or three hours, whereas we have to be unreal and deceptive from morning to evening." Georgina is daughter of a line in which madness has more than once appeared: her cousin, King Frederic, solitary and music-mad, is drawn from an easily recognizable model. Georgina and her royal husband adore each other, yet live together coldly, parted all their lives by a flimsy but insurmountable barrier. The second imperial pair, far more ill-matched, arrive at a sort of harmony through common suffering. The story takes the form of letters, written by some seventeen persons connected with one or both of the royal groups involved. As dramatic compositions, the letters have a good deal of merit.

ANECDOTES OF THE ENGLISH BAR.

Reminiscences of a K. C. By Thomas Edward Crispe of the Middle Temple. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.50 net.

W. J. Locke in one of his early novels describes a cockney. He says quite truly that the real cockney never gets London out of him. No matter where he goes, he carries with him the look of the familiar streets: the City, with its narrow, winding lanes, for which, of course, the hansom was invented; the Strand, with its shops and 'buses; the dip of St. James's Street and Waterloo Place; the homely gloom of the heavy atmosphere, to him always pleasant. This scene is the only real home he will ever know. The author of these reminiscences is through and through a cockney. He does not tell us that he was born in London, but at five years old he saw the procession on the Coronation Day of Victoria, and was taken to the fair in Hyde Park, given in honor of that occasion. He saw there the celebrated "Hottentot Venus," upon whom he had a ride. He tells us: "I plied my toy whip on the flanks of my beautiful jade, who, screaming with laughter, raced me round the circle." From that day, which was in 1838, to the present, he seems to have been having experiences as amusing as the above.

The anecdotes of the bar he gives us are usually such as a traveller in England will hear in the parlor of an inn when a few barristers and solicitors are present. They consist of repartees which pass in court between opposing barristers or rebukes administered by judges to offending counsel. To the American mind there is in much of this rather more of rudeness than of wit. It is seldom that one encounters anything so good as the remark of a judge to a barrister who had said that the advocate on the other side was the greatest bore that ever addressed an English court: "Mr. S., you forget yourself." There is, perhaps, rather more of rudeness than of wit in the reply, related by the author, of Sargent Parry to an insignificant person who had said in court that Sir George Jessel dropped his h's: "Sir, I would rather drop my h's with Jessel in hell than aspirate with you in heaven." The writer of this notice, who has often been in Jessel's company and knew him fairly well, never observed that he had this infirmity. But a defect resulting from early education is more likely to appear in the course of a long address than in ordinary conversation. It would not be unusual, for instance, in England, to hear a clergyman, a university man and a scholar, who had made a slip of this kind in the course of a sermon, chaffed afterwards regarding it by some of his parishioners.

Mr. Crispe in his comment upon celebrated English judges and barristers is for the most part kindly, although now and then critical. He admires Lord Russell, but thinks he was not a good criminal lawyer. He says that Sir Edward Clarke would have easily secured Mrs. Maybrick's acquittal. It should seem that Russell, like many other able men, was not a good diplomatist. Mr. Crispe attended the trial of Col. Valentine Baker, and thought that he was not well defended by Sir Henry Hawkins. Of Hawkins, whom he does not admire, he has some new stories to tell, none, however, quite so good as one lately reported from London. Hawkins (Lord Brampton), coming out of the Athenæum Club, told the driver of a hansom to take him to the Courts of Justice. The cabman, who no doubt knew Hawkins perfectly well, said: "Courts of Justice, sir? Don't know 'em." "Don't know the Law Courts?" said Hawkins. "Oh! the Law Courts!" said the cabman. "I know *them;* but you said Courts of Justice. That's a different thing haltogether."

There is much about Lord Justice Coleridge, who was a very brilliant after-dinner talker, and had a great fund of anecdotes. Mr. Crispe, as usual telling us what he has himself seen and heard, gives us some examples of Coleridge's wit. On one occasion, when the late King, then Prince of Wales, attended a dinner at the Middle Temple, Coleridge sat next the Prince. Coleridge reminded the Prince of the rigid rule that no toasts were allowed except the usual royal ones, to the observance of which the Prince promised compliance. But, notwithstanding his promise, he proposed the health of the Lord Chief Justice. Coleridge, in his reply, referred to the psalmist's injunction, "Put not your trust in princes." In the course of his speech he mentioned the reply of Pope to a certain Prince of Wales who had said to him, "Mr. Pope, you do not like kings?" "Sir," said the poet, "I prefer the lion before the claws are grown." The late King, who was a clever man, no doubt appreciated the wit and skill of this pretty flattery.

There are stories of the eccentricities and peculiarities of recent English judges. Certain judges did not allow barristers addressing them to appear with watch chains or flowers in the buttonhole. In the sixties and seventies these ornaments were much more brilliant than they have been since. Many men wore, not one rose, or a few violets, but small bouquets. The writer remembers that in those days, on the porter's table at the front doors of the clubs, there were a number of small glasses, containing water, in which men entering the club would leave their "buttonholes" to be kept fresh. In view of the size of these bouquets, it is not so surprising to read of Mr. Justice Denman's remark to a barrister, who was trying to address him: "You compel me to speak, sir; I do not allow buttonholes in my court."

The disinclination of some judges to listen to a barrister who wears a moustache (which, of course, does not look well with a wig) is a little harder for us to understand in this land of "go as you please." Mr. Choate relates that he was once looking out from a Foreign Office window with Lord Salisbury, when Mr. Choate pointed to some men lying about on the grass in St. James's Park, and said, "That would not be tolerated in America; we should keep them moving." "What harm do they do?" said Lord Salisbury. "That is what I say about you Americans. You have no sense of personal liberty." We fancy that these differences are very much matters of habit, of what you are used to.

After the bar, Mr. Crispe has most to say about the stage. Between the members of these two professions there seems to be a sympathy and an affinity. The author was in his youth an amateur actor, and has all his life been keenly interested in theatrical matters. His pages are full of reminiscences of the English actors of our own generation and the previous one and of persons connected with the stage. We notice an allusion to a little remembered person, which happens to be of interest to the present writer. The person is Mr. Bellew, the father of Kyrle Bellew, whom, however, Mr. Crispe seems only to remember as a clergyman of the

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Church of England. He speaks of his incomparable reading of the services. The present writer, however, remembers seeing him in one of the most extraordinary theatrical performances it was ever his good or ill fortune to witness. The play of "Hamlet" was given in dumb-show. Bellew, a remarkably handsome man, stood at a desk in front of the stage in ordinary evening dress and read the entire play, while the actors, male and female, grimaced and gesticulated behind him.

Greece in Evolution: Studies prepared under the auspices of the French League for the defence of the rights of Hellenism. By Th. Homolle, Henry Houssaye, Th. Reinach, Ed. Théry, G. Deschamps, Ch. Diehl, G. Fougères, J. Psichari, A. Berl, M. Paillarès. Edited by G. F. Abbott. Translated from the French. With a preface by Sir Charles W. Dilke, M.P. New York: Wessels & Bissell. $1.50 net.

These ten lectures, as might be expected from the distinguished writers, contain much that is stimulating and timely, in view of the events in Greek lands which have taken place since they were delivered. The (anonymous) translation is uneven, and, at times, unidiomatic, but it occasionally reflects the charm of the original which appeared under the title of "La Grèce." The book is pervaded by a Gallic enthusiasm, welcome enough to ardent Philhellenes, but here and there calculated, especially in this crude translation, to awaken a certain hostility in the minds of the indifferent or uninitiated. The open-minded reader, however, will find in these lectures a well-developed brief for the claims of ancient and modern Greece upon the civilized world. These claims, however old, are renewed with a French precision in regard to the literature and art, the unique charm of the country and the people, the services of the Greek church and its martyrs in the cause of Greek independence, the burning question of Hellenism in Turkish Asia and in Macedonia. There are included an instructive chapter on modern Greek economics, a sketch of Heroic Greece in the years 1821-1827, a chapter on the significance of Modern Greece in Eastern Europe, and an approving résumé of what the Greeks themselves have done, as excavators and restorers, towards the renascence of ancient Greece.

It is to be regretted that M. Psichari in his otherwise admirable chapter on the poet Solomos, the author of the Greek national anthem, should have intruded one of his polemics on the modern Greek language. Non-resident Hellenists might well be silent after the temperate reply of Professor Hatzidakis, of Athens, to Krumbacher, in which he shows that this language, although a partial compromise between the literary inheritance and the rustic patois, has long been accepted as the medium of intercourse in business and society, the newspapers and the schools.

M. Fougères is especially effective in the chapter on Picturesque Greece. His thesis of the harmony of land and water reads like a pæan. But he is not merely exclamatory. As in a sparkling prism, all the color of the atmosphere is divided and reflected. He gives his reasons for regarding Greek landscape as unique—even in the Mediterranean. The following paragraph may serve as an example:

> The original feature of these Greek landscapes is a harmonious and firm plasticity. Each object is frankly either plain or mountain. . . . The lines are never vague, never lost or hidden. There is nothing mediocre, limp, common, ordinary. On the other hand, there is nothing out of proportion, nothing exceeding the compass of the eye, nothing but what can be perceived clearly and distinctly and compared, to use a technical term, with the human scale.

Philo-Judæus of Alexandria. By Norman Bentwich. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America.

Among the Hellenized Jews of Alexandria, Philo, "the Jewish Plato," who lived in the first century of our era, stands easily first. But he has been, at any rate until lately, a prophet without honor among his own people. Gentiles call him "the Jew," with implied rejection of his Hellenism, while for the Jews he is "the Alexandrian," a heretic whose teachings were alien from the orthodox Palestinian tradition. He wrote in Greek, and in the early Christian centuries he was much read by the Christian fathers, but was not translated into Hebrew. His rejection by contemporary Jews reminds one of the similar treatment of Spinoza, and, furthermore, is typical, since the Jews have never welcomed a secular philosophy and must always regard with suspicion any doctrines which might change the character of their religion, that is to say, the basis of their nationality. Philo was thoroughly Hebraic in soul. He was a missionary philosopher, and, as Bentwich points out, he was far from wishing to tamper with the Mosaic Law; rather, he desired to convince mankind that the Torah contained the whole of ethics and metaphysics. All the most characteristic Platonic theories had there been anticipated. It was his aim to expound the allegories that he found in the Bible, and in so doing he became the greatest of all the allegorists. Although he never fought Plato's battle, he came under his spell and henceforth regarded Platonic ethics and metaphysics as a possession of Judaism whose beauties he was born to reveal. His failure was pathetic, and the tardy recognition by the Jews of his real greatness and singleness of aim is actually due to what he himself would have deplored, the slow secularizing of Jewish thought. Philo did not escape the influence, either, of Pythagoras, which made number symbolism a favorite superstition with the Greeks, and here again he found a link between the teachings of the Bible and Hellenic thought. Needless to say, he found in symbolic numbers, especially seven, ten, and fifty, further evidence of the sanctity of Jewish institutions.

Too Hebraic for the Hellenists, too Hellenistic for the Jews, Philo would seem to have labored in vain to convince, on the one hand, the man of secular culture of the truth and beauty of monotheism, and, on the other, to enlist Hellenic philosophy on the side of Judaism. But of late there has been a reaction of interest, if not conviction, in his favor. The Berlin Academy is preparing a critical edition of his voluminous writings, which will supersede the unreliable Tauchnitz text of eight volumes, and the bibliography in Mr. Bentwich's book shows the increased attention paid, in this century and the last, to the greatest of all the religious philosophers of the Jews.

Robert Herrick: A Biographical and Critical Study. By F. W. Moorman. New York: John Lane Co. $5 net.

On the score of diligence only praise can be given to Dr. Moorman's work, and if in his ransacking of documents he has discovered nothing of real importance, this is probably due to no fault of his, but to the treacheries of time. Some new light he throws on Herrick's relation to his uncle and on the career of the undergraduate at Cambridge, and does what he can to lend reality to the poet's friendships and surroundings, but the real puzzles of Herrick's life are left unsolved—must in all likelihood remain forever unsolved. There is nothing in a way strange in Herrick's career as we find him, first an apprentice in London, then a student at the university, then studying law at Trinity Hall, taking orders, going as chaplain to the Duke of Buckingham in his fatal expedition to the Isle of Rhé, accepting the vicarage of Dean Prior in Devonshire, living in retirement under the Commonwealth, and returning to Dean Prior in 1662. That was by no means for that age a life of surprising changes, but somehow the man through it all escapes our definition—his religion and his license, his paganism and his Christianity, his passion and his playfulness, somehow baffle us in their contrasts.

Much the best chapter in Dr. Moorman's book, in our thinking, is that in which he gives an historical study of Elizabethan and Caroline lyric poetry. His distinction between the school of Donne and the tribe of Jonson is well made, and is essential to a right com-

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prehension of the poets that followed. With Dr. Moorman's chapters on the work of Herrick himself we are not so entirely satisfied. They are certainly too long, and they seem to us to contain some doubtful judgments. In part, his views are unquestionably sound. In contrast to Lowell's estimate of Herrick as "the most Catullian of poets since Catullus" he makes a strong comparison of Herrick and Horace, discovering many points of similarity, but emphasizing a little too much in our opinion the Horatian gravity in our English singer. It is in his final ranking of Herrick that we find ourselves in strong disagreement. To Swinburne the lyric poetry of the century "culminates in the crowning star of Herrick," and to Dr. Moorman Herrick was, in like terms, "the supreme master of the lyre in his own generation, and the glorious consummator of Renaissance song." Dr. Moorman continues:

> All the most melodious notes in that loud chorus which made of the England of the Renaissance "a nest of singing-birds" are heard in the "Hesperides." Herrick can attune his lyre to the strains of Marlowe and the earliest melodists of Elizabethan song, and at the same time, he can rival the courtly gallantries of his immediate contemporaries, Carew and Suckling. The varying ply of his genius gives him also the right to sit down, in that Elysium which his poetic fancy wrought, with Anacreon on his right hand and Catullus and Horace on his left. He is at once romantic and classic, learned and popular. Nothing is too low for his genius and nothing too high.

That, we protest, is altogether to lose sight of critical discrimination. In one sense Herrick was the true artist of his age in so far as he was able to maintain a surprising level of workmanship; he was, too, capable of a great range of styles and themes; there is, in fact, something of the mocking-bird in his power of imitation; but to intimate that he ever reached the supreme height of passion or expression, that in religious verse he wrote anything at all comparable to Vaughan's "They are all gone," or that in amorous verse he ever approached the passion of Donne, or that in classic beauty he knew the secret of Jonson's "To Celia"—is quite to forget his true place. In little things he was supreme; in great things he was only second. He was winsome enough and great enough to merit this careful biography, and, whatever room there may be for difference with Dr. Moorman on some points, all lovers of English verse will be obliged to him for his labors.

Women and the Trades. By Elizabeth Beardsley Butler. New York: Charities Publication Committee. $1.50 net.

Work-Accidents and the Law. By Crystal Eastman. The same. $1.50 net.

These volumes are the first of a series of six which are to embody in permanent form the results of that unique experiment in social research conducted by the Sage Foundation, the "Pittsburgh Survey." Local and limited as is their scope, their significance is national. For what is true of women and the trades and work-accidents and the law in Pittsburgh is true in other cities. The evils described are general, and the remedies suggested merit attention wherever women toil or the wheels of modern industry revolve.

Miss Butler's volume is a painstaking review of the conditions under which the 22,000 girls and women found to be employed in manufacturing and mercantile pursuits in Pittsburgh during the winter of 1907-8 earned their livelihood. Following an introductory chapter on Workers and Work-Rooms, are nineteen detailed chapters describing particular industries, from canning factories to mercantile establishments. The book concludes with two chapters on The Social Life of Working Women and four chapters summarizing the information previously given as to Wages, Hours, Health, and Economic Foothold. Logical as this arrangement is, it has the disadvantage of involving not a little repetition. Nor is the author's effort to disguise this by varying her phraseology always to be commended. Thus she tells the reader on page 25 that women are employed to "screw nuts on bolts" and a little later (p. 31), that their work is to "put . . . bolts on nuts." On the whole, however, the descriptions of women's work are accurate, vivid, and interesting. Appendices describing the methods of the investigation and giving useful supplementary information, a bibliography, and a full index make the book easily the most complete and scholarly study of American women in industry that has yet been undertaken.

Like every other investigator, Miss Butler finds low pay the most serious evil which confronts the woman wage-earner. Above three-fifths of the girls and women she studied earned less than $7 a week, and less than one-fifth of them earned more than $8. Like other investigators, also, Miss Butler finds the reason for this low pay in causes that can only gradually be overcome. Women have not the physical strength to do certain tasks. They cannot repair their machines and they dislike to clean them. Trade unions oppose their admission to occupations which have belonged in the past exclusively to men. As a rule, they expect to be gainfully employed only during the few years that precede marriage, and consequently they lack ambition to master difficult tasks or to rise above the general level. These circumstances, combined with others peculiar to smoke-begrimed Pittsburgh, limit the occupations that are open to women and make competition for these occupations so severe that employers, as Miss Butler was assured, rarely find it necessary to advertise for women hands, a simple sign in the window usually bringing an adequate supply.

In Miss Butler's opinion, the earnings of a majority of the working women of Pittsburgh are insufficient to maintain them in full economic efficiency. This does not mean necessarily that they are losing their health and vigor. Most of them are partly supported by their families. It does mean, however, that they fail to get a living wage. Socially their work is partly paid for by employers and partly by their fathers, brothers, or whoever else helps to support them. It is this fact that makes the lot of the working girl who has to support herself, and even more of the widow who has others dependent upon her, so often a tragedy. Beside this, the other unfavorable aspects of women's work—excessive nervous strain, unduly long hours, and unsanitary surroundings—dwindle into insignificance.

Miss Butler has no novel remedies to suggest for the situation she describes. Effective legal regulation of hours and working conditions, trade training that will fit girls for positions requiring greater skill and intelligence, and legal regulation even of wages, appear to command her support, but the great merit of her book is that it presents the problem of women in industry so fully and convincingly that even the blindest optimist is forced to face it.

Of somewhat different character is Miss Eastman's volume. Her task was to trace out the causes and results of the 526 fatal and the 509 serious, but non-fatal, work accidents which occurred in Allegheny County during the periods chosen for study, and to compare Pennsylvania's method of dealing with these accidents with the methods of other countries. With sympathetic insight, she tells the stories of these 1,000-odd persons who were killed or injured at their work. She concludes that 30 per cent. of the accidents were due to the negligence of employers or their legally constituted representatives, 28 per cent. to the negligence of the injured themselves or their fellow employees, 16 per cent. to contributory negligence, and 26 per cent. to the hazard of the industry. According to this estimate less than one-third of these accidents could be made the basis of a legal claim for damages against the employer. The actual proportion of cases, in which the employer made any substantial payment was even smaller. Thus the author found that in 53 per cent. of the industrial accident fatalities considered, the widow and children had to bear the loss of the entire income, and in less than 30 per cent. did they receive more than $500.

The defects in our system of employers' liability have been so often pointed out that there was little scope for originality in this part of Miss Eastman's

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study, but she has shown the faulty operation of the Pennsylvania law with intelligence and skill. No one who follows her careful analysis of cases will dissent from her conclusion that "the law is not only in many of its principles unjust, but also in its method of operation harmful to the interests of all concerned." As to what is to be substituted for it, she offers no very positive suggestions. In her concluding chapter on legislation, however, she shows what has been substituted in other countries and lays down three principles which must guide any reform. Any new policy, she thinks, must put a substantial part of the burden on the employer to stimulate his zeal to prevent accidents; must shift the loss from the individual family of the victim of the accident to the industry he serves; and must reduce litigation to the lowest terms.

Like its predecessor in the series, Miss Eastman's book is supplied with a number of useful appendices and a full index. Taken as a whole, it is an admirable discussion of a complex topic, and must aid powerfully the wide-spread movement to substitute for our outworn employers' liability law a more rational method of distributing accident losses.

Notes.

Messrs. Longman have announced "The Collected Works of William Morris," in twenty-four volumes, under the editorship of Miss May Morris; the edition, which will contain introductions, biographical notes, facsimiles, and frontispieces, will be limited to one thousand copies. The first four volumes will appear in November, their contents being "The Defence of Guinevere," "The Life and Death of Jason," and two volumes of "The Earthly Paradise."

Two other volumes to be issued by this firm are "The House of Lords during the Civil War," by Prof. C. H. Firth, and "Lectures on the Greek Poets," by Prof. J. W. Mackail.

Edmund G. Gardner's new book entitled "Dante and the Mystics" traces the influence of St. Augustine, St. Francis, and other Christian mystics upon Dante, discusses the relation of the "Divine Comedy" to other vision literature, and attempts to define Dante's position in the Franciscan movement.

"Voices from Erin" is the title of a new volume of poems by Denis A. McCarthy, which is now in the press of Little, Brown and Company.

"The Second Chance," by Nellie McClung, is in preparation by Doubleday, Page & Co.

The publication was begun last month by the *Mercure de France* of the letters of Mérimée to Sutton Sharpe; these are of interest especially for their references to contemporary figures in literature and politics.

The Tandy Publishing Company of New York is to issue this month the first volumes of a revised and enlarged edition of "The United Irishman," by Richard Robert Madden. When completed, the work will contain twelve volumes.

Christopher Hare's "Charles De Bourbon, Constable of France" is to be brought out this week by John Lane Company; also "A Queen at Bay," by Edmund B. d'Auvergne, and G. F. Hill's "One Hundred Masterpieces of Sculpture," from the sixth century, B. C. to the time of Michelangelo, with plates and descriptions.

Wessels & Bissel will publish "The Sea Hawk," a story by Bailey Millard; "The Song Lore of Ireland," a volume by Redfern Mason, and a revised edition of Rossiter Johnson's "History of the War of Secession."

John T. Trowbridge's "Darius Green and His Flying-Machine," written more than forty years ago, will be re-issued by Houghton Mifflin Co. in a popular edition, with illustrations by Wallace Goldsmith. The same house is preparing the second volume of "The American People: A Study in National Psychology," by A. Maurice Low, which it plans to publish early next year.

A series of tales properly graded for the various ages of childhood is planned by H. M. Caldwell Company. It includes: "Stories from Grimm," "The Doctor's Lass," "Cherrythorpe Fair," "The Rambles of Three Children," "Stories from Andersen," "A Book of Stories from the Norse," "The Waits of Bremen," "Tales of an Old Yew Tree," "Things Will Take a Turn," "King Arthur and His Knights," "A Saxon Maid," and "The Knights of Charlemagne."

Carro Frances Warren's Garden Series for children, which is in the hands of C. M. Clark Co. of Boston, will shortly be increased by the volume, "Little Danny Dandelion."

B. W. Huebsch adds to his previously announced autumn list: "Temples of Peace Built of Untempered Mortar," a criticism of the protective tariff, by John Bigelow, and Frank Parson's "Legal Doctrine and Social Progress."

To the books which Frederick A. Stokes has promised for November should be added: "Home Rule," by John Redmond, M.P.; "Masterpieces in Color: Murillo"; in the Coast Series: "The Norfolk and Suffolk Coast," by W. A. Dutt; "The Cornwall Coast," by Arthur L. Salmon, and "The South Devon and Dorset Coast," by Sidney Heath; "Anti-Matrimony," a drama by Percy MacKaye.

Henry Frowde's autumn announcement of the Oxford University Press contains: English: "Essays by Members of the English Association" (H. Bradley, R. Bridges, W. P. Ker, G. Neilson, G. Saintsbury, E. Sichel, C. E. Vaughan), collected by A. C. Bradley; "Six Essays on Johnson," by Walter Raleigh; "The French Renaissance in England," by Sidney Lee; "Tudor and Stuart Library: Traherne's Poems of Felicity," now first published from the MS., edited by H. I. Bell; "The Oxford Book of Ballads," chosen and edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch; "Plays from the Italian (Supposes, Buggbears, Misogonus), edited by R. W. Bond; "Coleridge's Poems," with much unpublished matter, edited by E. H. Coleridge; "Spenser's Poetical Works": volume i (The Minor Poems), edited by E. De Sélincourt; "The Englishman in Greece," with introduction by Sir J. Rennell Rodd. Modern languages: "An Introduction to Old High German," by Lionel Armitage; "Living Speech in Central and South Africa": an essay introductory to the Bantu language, by A. C. Madan; "The Life of the Black Prince," by the Herald of Sir John Chandos, edited from the MS. by M. K. Pope and E. C. Lodge; "Oxford Book of Italian Verse," XIII-XIX Century, chosen by St. John Lucas. Theology: "Old Latin Biblical Texts, VI: Codex Veronensis *b*," edited by E. S. Buchanan; "John the Presbyter and the Fourth Gospel," by Dom John Chapman, O.S.B.; "Gesenius's Hebrew Grammar," new edition, translated from the twenty-eighth German edition (by E. Kautzsch), by A. E. Cowley; "Studies in the Book of Isaiah," by M. G. Glazebrook, with two maps. History: "Tudor and Stuart Proclamations, 1485-1714," calendared by R. Steele under the direction of the Earl of Crawford, K.T., two volumes; Sir C. P. Lucas's "Historical Geography of the British Colonies": volume v, Canada, part iii (Geographical), by J. D. Rogers, with maps; "Documents Illustrating the Continental Reformation," edited by B. J. Kidd; "The English Factories in India," by W. Foster: volume v, 1634-1636; "Henry Fox, First Lord Holland," by T. W. Riker, two volumes, illustrated; "Trichotomy in Roman Law," by Henry Goudy. Classics: Oxford classical texts—"Tacitus, Histories," edited by C. D. Fisher; "Cicero, Orationes"—Post Reditum, De Domo Sua, De Haruspicum Responso, Pro Sestio, In Vatinium, De Provinciis Consularibus, Pro Balbo, edited by W. Peterson; Pro Plancio, Pro Fonteio, Pro Sulla, Pro Archia, Pro Scauro, Pro Tullio, edited by A. C. Clark. (The publication of these speeches will complete the edition of the Orationes.) "Historia Numorum," by B. V. Head, second edition; "The Works of Aristotle," translated into English under the editorship of J. A. Smith and W. D. Ross—"Historia Animalium," by D'Arcy W. Thompson; "De Partibus Animalium," by W. Ogle; Oxford Library of Translations—"Cæsar's Gallic War," by F. P. Long; among many school books are: "English Political Institutions," by J. A. R. Marriott; "From Metternich to Bismarck": a text-book of European history, 1815-1878, by L. Cecil Jane; "Kinglake's Eothen," with introduction by D. G. Hogarth and notes by V. H. Collins. In the Oxford Poets Series: "Dryden," edited by J. Sargeaunt; "Moore," edited by A. D. Godley; "A Book of Light Verse," edited by R. M. Leonard. In the Oxford Standard Authors: "Defoe's Robinson Crusoe," with Cruikshank's illustrations; "Dante's Divine Comedy," translated by Cary, with Flaxman's illustrations. In the Oxford Edition of Scott (with many illustrations): "The Abbott," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Kenilworth," "Redgauntlet," "The Fortunes of Nigel," "The Antiquary," and "The Monastery." In the Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry: "Clough's Poems," including "Ambarvalia" and the first edition of "The Bothie," edited by H. S. Milford; "Shelley's Poems of 1820"; "Jeffrey's Literary Criticism," edited by D. Nichol Smith; "Charles Reade's A Good Fight" (the first version of The Cloister and the Hearth). In the World's Classics: "Shakespeare's Plays and Poems," with a general

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introduction by A. C. Swinburne, introductory studies of the several plays by E. Dowden, and a note by T. Watts-Dunton upon the special typographical features of this edition. Volumes i to iii. In addition: "Letters by Edward John Trelawny," mostly unpublished, edited by H. Buxton Forman, C.B.; "Pages from a Journal," by Mark Rutherford, second edition, enlarged; also a companion volume entitled, "More Pages from a Journal"; "The Serpent of Division," by John Lydgate, the Monk of Bury, edited, with introduction, notes, and glossary, by H. N. MacCracken, with facsimiles; "Wood Carvings in English Churches," volume ii, Stalls, by Francis Bond (Church Art in England Series); "American Railway Problems in the Light of European Experience," by C. S. Vrooman. Yale University Publications: "The Records of the Federal Convention of 1787," edited by M. Farland; "The Campaign of Chancellorsville; a Strategic and Tactical Study, by John Bigelow, jr., Major U. S. Army, retired, with 47 maps and plans, and "The High Court of Parliament and Its Supremacy": an historical essay on the Boundaries between Legislation and Adjudication in England, by C. H. McIlwain.

The ubiquitous Baedeker has revised editions, in English, of "Paris" (the seventeenth), "Berlin" (the fourth), and "Belgium and Holland" (the fifteenth), which we receive from Charles Scribner's Sons. They bring with them, as always, reminiscences and hopes of travel.

Dr. Henry Bradley has added to the "Oxford English Dictionary" the double section Sauce-Alone-Scouring (Clarendon Press). As compared with the previous instalment of S, this section makes somewhat dull reading; for words with long, diversified histories are notably few, and there is only a sprinkling of novel and curious outlanders from the Orient and the New World. Among the quaintest oddities are the obsolete oaths—the "fossils of piety"—exhumed from the older dramatic literature; *'sblood, 'sbobs, 'sbodikins, 'sbody, 'sbores,* and *'sbud* well illustrate the way in which blasphemy writhes behind the fig leaves of euphemism till a fastidious and sanctified lady may use in all innocence the blood-curdling ejaculations of bandits and bargemen. Of modern English made in America perhaps the most significant specimens are *scallywag, schoolmarm,* and *schooner*—"a tall glass of beer"—a word first recorded in Webster's Supplement, 1879, but now said to be available in various cities of the British Isles. The precise origin and development of *scallywag* are obscure: Bartlett localized it in 1848 as a "favorite epithet in western New York for a mean man"; during the Reconstruction it became a term of political reproach; in 1868 it was declared to have been originally a drover's word for ill-conditioned cattle; in 1891 it appears as trade-union slang for a man who will not work. Dr. Bradley strangely neglects to remark that *scallywag,* like *scamp* (which formerly meant a "highway robber"), has lost much of its early savor, and is now largely employed as a term of endearment for particularly vivacious and heart-ravishing infants. One is surprised, also, to find no mention of *scads*—Americanism—meaning "stacks," "heaps," or "bushels" of anything.

Of the longer articles, that on *science* is from many points of view the most interesting. Probably no other word has within the last hundred years so startlingly contracted the limits of its meaning. In the Middle Ages *science* meant, among other things, "knowledge as a personal attribute"; so that Chaucer could write of "the soule whiche that hath in itself science of goode werkes," and Lydgate could say that the cherubim are full of science and divine sapience, and a plain, pious man could declare that he had science of God. With the meaning, furthermore, of a "particular branch of knowledge," *science* was not then the antonym but the synonym of *art*; the "seven sciences" and "the seven liberal arts" were interchangeable terms. Even as late as the early nineteenth century *science* was applied at Oxford "to the portions of ancient and modern philosophy, logic, and cognate subjects, included in the course for a degree in the school of Literæ Humaniores." In 1884 Freeman writes: "I remember him years ago as a logic and science coach. I don't mean for cutting up cats, but what science meant then, ethics, Butler, and such like." In 1840 Whewell felt the need of coining the word *scientist,* and from about that period metaphysics and theology began to be excluded from the meaning of *science* and its scope to be limited to those branches of study dealing with the phenomena of the material universe, which in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had been commonly known as philosophy. One old sense of the word marked obsolete by Dr. Bradley—"a craft, trade, or occupation"—appears in this country at least to be enjoying a revival. "Whan a virgyn begynneth fyrst to lerne to sewe in the samplar," says an author of the sixteenth century, "that scyence to her as than semeth very harde." If Dr. Bradley thinks this sense obsolete, let him look over the courses in sewing, sweeping, and bread-making offered as "household science" in American universities.

"The Forerunners of Dante: a selection from Italian poetry before 1300" (Frowde), is the last product of Prof. A. J. Butler's long study and great love of the Florentine master. The manuscript of the notes was finished only a fortnight before his death. The book contains about seventy *canzoni,* mostly of the Sicilian school, including several not to be found in the Italian anthologies. The sonnets had been reserved for a companion volume. The work was undertaken with the purpose of throwing light on the lyric tradition which entered into the work of Dante. Of the Italian poems referred to in the "De Vulgari Eloquentia," all those now extant, except Dante's own, are here—even "Una fermana iscoppai da Cascioli." The preface and the notes bear witness to the growth of Professor Butler's delight in the lyrics for their own sake. He found many a stanza form of peculiar beauty, many a perfect phrasing of graceful thought, and, here and there, the very thrill of passion. The *lamento* of Giacomino Pugliese, in particular, for its deep, manifold grief, directly voiced in worthy artistry, seemed to him comparable with the greatest poems of bereavement. The book is edited with scholarly care. The best texts of the several poems were utilized, and bettered, in a number of cases, through the conservative ingenuity of the editor. The notes, which are grouped together at the back of the book, leaving the poems free, contain enough explanation to make the reading of the *canzoni* possible for any reader of Dante, and afford many instances of new and valuable interpretation.

G. Barbèra of Florence has just published an attractive anthology of the sayings of Galileo, "Pensieri, motti e sentenze di Galileo Galilei," a small volume in 24vo., in the collection Diamante, originally edited by Giosuè Carducci. It has been compiled by Antonio Favaro, who for the past thirty years has been occupied in preparing the monumental National Edition of Galileo's works. The anthology is not, then, a chance, catch-penny piece of editing, but a maturely studied compendium. As Favaro observes, the dominating note is Galileo's passion for direct communion with nature and his consequent intolerance of the principle of authority.

"A Congressional History of Railways in the United States," by Lewis H. Haney (University of Wisconsin Bulletin, Vol. 6, No. 1), is the second volume by this author under the same title. Volume 1 carried the history down to 1850. This study continues the subject, and covers the period from 1850 to 1887. It is a time of general interest in railway construction, when the land-grant policy is begun, developed to its extreme, and finally, because of its glaring abuses, is brought to an end. During these decades, the Pacific railways are built, and the foundations are laid of our present regulation policy. All these questions are taken up by the author chronologically and topically; much attention is given to the various bills introduced, and particularly to the debates, for any side-lights which they may contain. There is very little of individual opinion or attempt at interpretation of the historical movement; rather is it a faithful record, carefully supported by elaborate references. Occasionally, however, the author ventures a personal conclusion on some mooted point. It is his judgment, for example, that had the railway come a little earlier, direct subsidies would have been given and governmental lines constructed, but this later became impossible, largely for political rather than for economic reasons. He fails to find any clear justification for the extensive subsidies to the Pacific railways, and considers it as certain that within two decades private enterprise would have sufficed to build the roads. Political considerations probably justified aid for one transcontinental line, but the United States would have best solved the problem by constructing a national railway over the central route, leaving the exploitation of other lines, without aid, other than right of way, to private initiative. The two volumes of this history provide a valuable and convenient work of reference to students of railway development in the United States.

"A Transformed Colony" (Lippincott), by T. J. Alldridge, is a description of the present conditions in Sierra Leone, as compared with those a few years ago. Then it was the prey of the slave-hunter and desolated by intertribal wars; now it is a land of security and freedom. The author has an especial fitness for his task, as he came to the country in 1871, and, as travelling

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commissioner, did pioneer work in opening up the then unknown Hinterland, making treaties with the paramount chiefs, and pacifying the various tribes. In the latter years of his service he was the district commissioner of the Sherbro. In 1908 he made an extensive journey in the protectorate, going over much of the ground he had traversed before, and his book is a record of his experiences and impressions, together with much information about native customs, especially their secret societies. Beginning with a detailed account of Freetown, the capital, he describes a trip by the government railway over 200 miles into the interior, one which he had taken before by hammock. The most interesting incident in this was his visit to a government school at Bo for the sons of native chiefs, the object being to train them "in such a manner as to make them good and useful rulers of the country in the future." With this end in view, they are taught "the ordinary branches of an English education, together with special and practical training in farming, carpentry, bridge-building, road-making, and land-surveying"; and no dressing up as Europeans is permitted, according to the school regulations. All the methods of instruction planned did not meet with universal approbation. In the government notice of the establishment of the school it said:

> By means of lantern lectures pictures of the principal incidents in the lives of such women as Florence Nightingale, Elizabeth Fry, the late Queen Victoria, and many others, will be shown and explained to the pupils, with a view to increasing their respect for women.

Immediately a petition was sent in to the Governor, saying that Mohammedans objected to all this, because they had notable women of their own known to every Moslem. The opposition, of which this is only one form, was speedily overcome by the creation of a Mohammedan advisory board. At the time of the author's visit, the school had eighty pupils. Great emphasis is laid on the undeveloped native wealth of the country. Immense quantities of fruit, rice, cotton, and tobacco could be grown, while vast forests of oil-palms—a tree which may be said to be the "Ruler of West Africa"—are standing year in and year out untouched by any human hand. The rubber vine is also common throughout the Hinterland, but is neglected or destroyed by the native. The general prosperity of the protectorate, however, is indicated by the fact that the revenue, which in 1887 was $300,000, in 1907 was $1,800,000. The illustrations, sixty-six in number, are all interesting, but particularly those showing the members of the secret societies and their strange costumes. There is an excellent map, furnished by the War Office: also an index.

The ninth book of Livy contains an account of the battle with the Samnites at the Caudine Forks, and the subsequent sharp practice of the Romans in evading their obligations through technicalities. The famous speculation on the power of Alexander as compared with that of the Romans is also found in this book. These would be ample justification for the edition which has just been published by T. Nicklin (Clarendon Press). A short introduction is noteworthy only for a chapter of Hints on Translation in which stress is laid on the metaphorical character of Livy's language; the point is illustrated by quotations from English authors, only a single sentence in length, which when compared with the corresponding passages in the text show admirably the essential differences between English and Latin style. No indication is given of the source of the text. The notes are intended for freshmen students.

Col. A. O. Green, who has done much to facilitate the study of Arabic by the English officials in Egypt, has prepared a second edition of his "Modern Arabic Stories, Ballads, Proverbs and Idioms" (Frowde). The first edition employed the Arabic script; this one gives in part i the transliterated text, with grammatical notes, and in part ii the English translation, with explanations of local terms and customs. The selections (taken from Spitta and others, except 'a Voyage of Sindibad) form a valuable contribution to the history of Egyptian Moslem manners.

Part iii of the "Clavis Linguarum Semiticarum" (edited by H. L. Strack) is "A Manual of the Aramaic Language of the Babylonian Talmud," by Max L. Margolis, professor of Biblical philology in the Dropsie College, Philadelphia (New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.). The work consists of a grammar, with chrestomathy and glossaries. Grammatical forms, examples, and texts are taken from the best manuscripts and printed editions of the Talmud, and older and later forms and usages are distinguished. Here, then, we have for the first time a satisfactory grammar of this important dialect, and the Manual will doubtless be in the hands of all students of the Talmud.

Prof. Joseph Wright's "Grammar of the Gothic Language" (Clarendon Press), which author and publishers have seen fit to issue instead of a third edition of their "Primer," differs from the shorter work chiefly in being printed in larger type and being amplified in the direction of comparative grammar. The facts of Gothic grammar are presented in the same lucid order and for the most part in the same language as in the "Primer"; but in this book the Gothic forms are traced back to their Indo-European originals, parallel forms in Greek or Latin, in Primitive Germanic, Old High German, and Anglo-Saxon, and additional tables are given to exhibit the development of sounds and words. The inclusion of the Greek of some chapters of the Gospels, which are in part reprinted in the version of Ulfilas, will make the study of the Gothic more instructive. Professor Wright has here and there revised as well as supplemented his former treatment of the subject: he offers texts in sufficient abundance to enable a student to acquire a working knowledge of vocabulary and idiom; so that the book in itself is an adequate, as it is an admirable, introduction to the study of Germanic philology.

Students of Scandinavian languages have for years known that Verner Dahlerup, associate professor in the University of Copenhagen, editor of Icelandic sagas, and writer on Danish literary and linguistic topics, has been working on a great dictionary of the Danish language. As long ago as Christmas, 1890, it was maintained at a meeting of the Modern Language Association of America, that the chief desideratum of those interested in Scandinavian studies was an adequate thesaurus of the Danish language, while others held that an etymological dictionary was the main thing wanted. The etymological dictionary has been supplied by Professors Falk and Torp of the University of Christiania (started in 1901 and completed in 1906), a German translation whereof is now in the course of publication. The absence of a satisfactory and accessible Danish dictionary has been partly remedied by the "Danish Dictionary for the People," which has been in the course of publication for the last seven years by the Gyldendal Publishing House (Copenhagen and Chicago), and which now, with its twenty-seventh part, has come down to about the middle of the letter S. This dictionary, while being distinctly better than nothing, is not of a kind to satisfy the present standard of scholarly thoroughness, correctness, and conciseness. It is, therefore, a matter of distinct gratification to all those interested in Danish, and we may well say Germanic philology, that the same publishing house (Gyldendal) has recently sent out a fascicle of Dahlerup's above-mentioned work, entitled, "Ordbog over det danske Sprog" (Dictionary of the Danish Language), the publication whereof is to be started in the near future. The present fascicle of forty quarto pages carries us from A to Aarefistel, and shows that the work will be particularly valuable by its wealth of reliable and pertinent quotations. The dictionary will be especially devoted to the last two centuries of the development of the Danish language. One might perhaps express a wish that the author should give more detailed information in regard to the older history of the words.

Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, who died just a week ago, was the mother of Richard Harding Davis, and the widow of L. Clarke Davis, at one time editor of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. Mrs. Davis was born in Washington, Pa., in 1831. She began her literary career by contributing in 1861 to the *Atlantic Monthly* an article entitled "Life in the Iron Mills," in which she depicted the grinding life of the people about her. The following year the *Atlantic* published her first long novel, "Margaret Howth." In 1869 she accepted a position on the editorial staff of the New York *Tribune*, which she held for several years. Besides many short stories, Mrs. Davis was the author of "Waiting for the Verdict," "Dallas Galbraith," "John Andrus," "A Law Unto Herself," "Earthen Pitchers," "Kitty's Choice," "Kent Hampden," "Natasqua," "Silhouettes of American Life," "Frances Waldeaux," "Dr. Warrick's Daughters," and "Bits of Gossip."

Dr. William Maclagan, the late Archbishop of York, who died two weeks ago, had published several volumes of sermons and had written hymns, the music as well as the words.

Emile Raymond Blavet, who died at Nice at the age of seventy-two, was a journalist of high standing, a dramatist, and the author of several novels. He had contributed to the *Figaro* the section, "La Vie de Paris," and started the *Petit Bleu*. He was a member of the Legion of Honor.

The death is announced from Caen of the aged French philosopher J. A. Emmanuel Chauvet. He was professor of philosophy at Caen from 1870 until 1899, when he retired, and besides publishing many essays

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he collaborated on a translation of the works of Plato.

The author of the history of Switzerland in twelve volumes, Prof. Karl Dändliker, died recently at Küssnacht, at the age of sixty-one.

Science.

Tactical Principles and Problems. By Capt. Matthew Elting Hanna, Third United States Cavalry. Menasha, Wis.: George Banta Publishing Co.

Formerly, West Point was the sole reservoir of learning for the land forces, and it has always been devoted to forming character quite as much as to supplying higher non-mathematical instruction. It gave no post-graduate course. Officers appointed from civil life absorbed the military rudiments by association with graduates; those commissioned from the ranks supplemented their familiarity with barrack and parade, and their usually slender book-learning, by what might be gleaned through observation of others who were better taught. But now conditions have changed, so that at appropriate posts there have been established graduate artillery, cavalry, engineering, signal, and army medical schools for officers of those respective arms.

At Fort Leavenworth, out of a veritable military kindergarten established in former years for insufficiently informed officers, have evolved an army school of the line and an army staff college. There Capt. Hanna has been teaching the art of war, and a part of his instruction is in the practical form of laying before the student-officers successive military situations and requiring them to solve problems based thereon. Certain conditions assumed, what would be sound tactical operations? When the field itself is not available for inspection, or there are no competent maps to be studied, such questions and their answers would be the haziest generalities. It is impossible to describe verbally the details of any terrain so that the memory may serviceably retain them. Often even veritable actions cannot be followed in detail without some graphical aid. Certainly, an account for the public should embrace the outlines of military geography quite as well as the movements of troops and their fire action.

Independently of their help in appreciating what has already occurred, topographical details are so essential in active field work that the command which neglects them handicaps itself exactly so much. The era of combined courage and momentum culminating in brutal frontal attacks upon selected positions, as illustrated at Bunker Hill and Fredericksburg, passed from even the most sluggish minds with the South African demonstration of its futility. The accuracy of to-day's long-range arms emphasizes the importance of approach under cover and of selecting, where selection is possible, defensible positions. This is especially true in such preliminary study of the field as patrol and outpost duty involve. The object there is to see without being seen, and the character of the field must be considered also when wider and more important work is at hand.

The use of cover is not new in American theory, but its scientific employment is more beautifully demonstrated in these Leavenworth lectures than ever before in American text-books. And they do not end there. They go on to illustrate the principles by which hostile contact should be conducted with independent commands, up to small brigades of infantry and cavalry without artillery. To make such demonstration possible, the volume is happily equipped with two large detached military maps on which every natural feature and the more important artificial ones are noted, and which are profusely sprinkled with numerals and letters for easy consultation and reference. One map covers about nine by sixteen miles around Fort Leavenworth on a scale of two inches to the mile, and the other about four by six miles of the same territory at four inches to the mile. The contour intervals are twenty and ten feet, respectively. There are also three small maps. The text is a well-written group of problems in the field use of infantry and cavalry, gradually increasing in complexity, each with a reasonable solution followed by practical comments. It is serious but not dry or abstruse. The student is encouraged to make a personal solution after a careful study of the problem, and then to compare it with that presented in the book. But Capt. Hanna modestly announces that his own solutions are to be regarded neither as faultless nor as by any means the only good ones; and that any uncomplicated solution which violates no sound tactical principle and accomplishes its object is good. Clearly, the purpose is not to unravel arbitrary tangles, but to master the practical philosophy of the minor operations of war. When the available territory is examined with the care advised and the sagacious commentaries are absorbed, the student will have a fair comprehension of the applied tactics of two arms. Every officer of the organized militia, and equally his fellow in the permanent establishment, for whom this book was especially prepared, should be the careful student of these lectures. They should be interesting also to the general reader, especially in helping to dispel the popular delusion that soldiers are a fiat product, the immediate result of a call for volunteers. True soldiers are developed, not generated by command.

In construction the text is admirable. The narrative is clear, the orders are well written, the solutions and comments logical and acceptable, and throughout there is a refreshing absence of adjectives. Occasionally, it is true, shall and will, and should and would, replace one another; but these are slips which do not distort the meaning. There are, however, two misleading corruptions in the lettering of the staff map; one a matter of taste, the other an historical error. The first is "Sheridan's Drive," which also repeatedly appears in the letter-press. The possessive has no proper place there; otherwise there should be Grant's Avenue, Wagner's Point, and so forth. The "Sheridan Drive" is euphonious and consonant with descriptive nomenclature. Besides, that is its name. The other, "Kearney" Avenue, is a gross blunder, for it cannot hark back to Commodore Lawrence Kearney of the navy, distinguished as he was. The able and efficient Gen. Stephen W. Kearny had official association with Fort Leavenworth, and his dashing nephew. Philip Kearny, has conspicuous claim to soldierly remembrance. "Kearny" would commemorate either or both, "Kearney" neither.

In the next edition the value of this work would be increased by an analytical index; not a mere catalogue of names or a distended table of contents, but a careful alphabetical reckoning of principles under key words. It is well worth such labor, but an incompetent index might be worse than none. The very recent detail of Capt. Hanna to the General Staff is a deserved compliment to him and a comforting sign that the Staff is well selected.

"Bird Flight as the Basis of Human Flight," by Otto Lilienthal, has been translated from the second edition, and is to be issued by Messrs. Longman.

Tables of the four great satellites of Jupiter have been composed by Prof. R. A. Sampson of the University of Durham.

Very attractive in cover design and general makeup is "Louis' Every Woman's Cook Book" (H. M. Caldwell Co.), with its clear type and ornamental margins. One hundred and twenty pages are devoted to recipes, and an equal number of blank spaces are provided for memoranda. The directions are clear and simple, and the choice comprehensive.

In "Peaks and Glaciers, a record of pioneer exploration in the Punjab Himalaya," by Fanny Bullock Workman and William Hunter Workman (Scribner), the main point of interest to the unscientific reader is Mrs. Workman's record-breaking climb, when, with two companions, she ascended a peak 23,300 feet high, the greatest altitude ever reached by a woman. The party also camped higher than tents had ever been pitched before, with one possible exception, and their experience with change of temperature was probably unparalleled. In the after-

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noon the mercury in the solar thermometer went up to 193° Fahr. "At sunset the temperature fell to freezing, and an hour later to 10 degrees Fahrenheit, reaching a minimum of —4 degrees before morning. It thus underwent a variation of 197 degrees in somewhat more than twelve hours." From the fact that during this climb five nights were passed without sleep, the inference is drawn that the loss of strength from sleeplessness, and not the difficulty of breathing, is the greatest obstacle to very high ascents. The student of mountain and glacier formation will find much interesting and valuable information, especially in regard to moraines, and the curious *nieve penitente*, the collection of pyramidal pinnacles of ice or hardened snow arranged in rows on the mountain slopes or glaciers. It was first noticed and described by Andean explorers, and for a long time supposed to be peculiar to the Andes. The Workmans discovered eight different varieties during this expedition, besides one made two years later, in 1908, which are described in detail, with photographic illustrations. They have added much to the exact geographical knowledge of this little-known part of the great range, with the intention of making a full and accurate survey map possible. The full-page photographic illustrations which appear between nearly every two pages, are remarkable pictures, especially of pyramidal peaks and glacial ice formations. One shows at the apex of a snow-covered summit a wonderful profile strongly resembling the Empress-Queen Victoria.

Drama and Music.

The fabric of Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird" consists of such delicate and fanciful stuff that the transfer of it from the library to the stage, without the loss of any of its fragrance or bloom, must be an almost impossible task. To the long array of decorative and mechanical problems is added the need of sympathetic and enlightened acting. It is not surprising, therefore, that the present representation in the New Theatre fails to do more than suggest some of the author's ideals. The merely mechanical difficulties have been surmounted with much ingenuity, and several of the stage pictures are exceedingly beautiful, but they are not especially notable for high imaginative quality, and this last remark may be applied to most of the acting. It is not necessary to enter into any details of a story which must be well known to most of our readers. Briefly, it relates the dream adventures of two poor children who, under the guidance of a fairy, seek for the Blue Bird, which is the symbol of happiness. They are accompanied by the Cat—who, representing the powers of Darkness, is their secret foe—by the Dog, man's one friend among the animals, and by the embodied spirits of different elements and things, who give them no practical assistance in their quest. They invade the mysteries of Night, interview the dead in the Land of Memory, explore the Kingdom of the Past and Future, and learn finally that happiness is illusionary and fleeting, that it can be seized, lost, and recaptured, and that it may often be secured by imparting the means of it to others. On the surface a fantastic fairy tale for children, the piece is written in the simplest style, and yet is crammed with ingenious allegory, philosophic reflection, and poetic fancy. It requires acting of the most delicate and sincere kind, and the best ability in the service of the New Theatre might have been worthily employed upon it. For the lack of it, several scenes were deprived of nearly all their poetic and artistic significance and became conventional. The inadequacy of the actor entrusted with the part of Time, for instance, was almost fatal to the imaginative scene in the Kingdom of the Future. Eleanor Moretti played Night in the right vein, but an actress of more tragic power would have made the act doubly impressive. The Fairy Berylune was the ordinary fairy of pantomime. The children were unfortunately stagy and unreal. No parts, however, could be more difficult to fill. The Dog and the Cat were both excellent, the impersonation of the latter by Cecil Yapp being one of the features of the performance. The most successful scene of all was that of the Land of Memory, where Tylyl and Mytyl visit their dead grandparents. Here the acting of Robert McWade and Eleanor Carey was admirably simple and natural, while the scenic arrangements were perfect. Regarded as a whole, the entertainment is one of high merit and rare beauty, but it scarcely fulfils the highest expectations founded on the known resources and capacities of the New Theatre.

In a monograph entitled "Der bestrafte Brudermord, sein Verhältnis zu Shakespeare's Hamlet" (Leipzig: Leopold Voss), Marshall Blakemore Evans reopens an old, perplexing question and furnishes a highly probable solution. His conclusion that the German play goes back originally to the "Ur-Hamlet" and that this latter may reasonably be assigned to Thomas Kyd, will, of course, surprise nobody, as this has been the impression among scholars, in America at least, for several years. It is satisfactory, nevertheless, to have the impression confirmed by such a careful and minute study as Mr. Evans has here made. "Der bestrafte Brudermord," in its present form, dates from the year 1710, but the writer makes it clear that it, in all likelihood, preserves with considerable fidelity the version which an English company brought to Germany and acted in 1626, and then by the perilous but necessary device of parallels he sets out to identify it as the best extant relic of the "Ur-Hamlet," showing (1) that it is closer in its phraseology to the first quarto of Shakespeare's "Hamlet" than to the second, that the variations in the second quarto look, on the face of them, like later revisions; (2) that the German drama draws upon Belleforest for certain incidents which are not contained in the quartos; (3) that it makes use, to a much greater extent than the quartos, of Seneca, a thing to be expected in the adaptation of a pre-Shakesperean English tragedy; (4) that, not only in the matter of indebtedness to Seneca, but, in other details of style and construction, it bears a striking resemblance to the work of Thomas Kyd. Up to this point the argument is well handled, even if enthusiasm for his thesis leads the writer occasionally to submit evidence which proves nothing; incidentally, it makes the conclusion necessary that Shakespeare's first quarto, whether pirated or not, records a cruder form of the play than the second, in short, that Shakespeare must have made many revisions in the play in the year after its first appearance. The rest of the argument, which tries to work out in detail the genealogy of the Hamlet story, is, by the nature of the case, less convincing. At the end of the book is a reprint of Belleforest's novel, text of 1576, with variant readings and an introduction.

There are freshness and humor in "The Concert," which was produced in the Belasco Theatre on Tuesday evening. It is an English version by Leo Ditrichstein of a comedy by the German dramatist, Herman Bahr, which has had success in Europe. The hero of it is a famous pianist, who finds it difficult to resist the fascination of his adoring female pupils. One of them, a married woman, accompanies him to his bungalow in the mountains, whither they are promptly followed by the deserted wife and husband. These two profess to take a philosophical view of the situation and propose a peaceful and permanent exchange of partners, instead of a public scandal. Put in this ridiculously unromantic situation, the elopers speedily realize the folly of their conduct, and a general reconciliation is effected before irremediable mischief has been done. Mr. Ditrichstein's adaptation is clever, and the piece, which is beautifully mounted and very well played, is likely to prove a hit. It contains much effective satire upon the airs and affectations of the artistic temperament, has an abundance of comical incident, and some bright characterizations, but the concluding act would be much more effective if half an hour were cut out of it. Mr. Ditrichtstein gave an admirable performance of the pianist.

Paris is somewhat behindhand as regards the production of Massenet's operas. The last three of them, "Thérèse," "Bacchus," and "Don Quixote," have not yet been heard there, the honors of the first performances having gone to Monte Carlo and Brussels. During the present season, however, "Thérèse will be produced at the Opéra-Comique. It was first heard at Monte Carlo on February 7, 1907, with a cast including two artists, known and admired in America: Clément as Armand, and Dufranne as André Thorel.

During Thomas Beecham's recent opera season in London, the biggest popular successes were Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann" and Johann (not Richard) Strauss's "Fledermaus." These two operas accordingly were chosen for the first week of this company's provincial tour.

The latest European sensation, Mahler's eighth "symphony," has just appeared in a version for piano with text included. According to the Berlin *Signale,* Mahler has not been idle since completing this work, but has already completed his ninth symphony, and got ahead, numerically, of Beethoven, Schubert, and Bruckner, by beginning his tenth.

Mahler is the subject of an enthusiastic tribute in the current number of *Die Musik* (Berlin), in which Dr. George Göhler places him in line with Beethoven, Schubert, Wagner, Bruckner, Hugo Wolf, Liszt, and Brahms as one who, scorning sensational advertising methods, is not known in his true greatness to his contemporaries, but will be admired more and more as time goes on. The fact that he calls for a large orchestra, larger even that R. Strauss, and that his works are very long, has caused

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many to look on him as being of the same school. This notion Dr. Göhler controverts emphatically. A man who, like Strauss, spends years in setting to music manifestations of diseased feelings, can have little in common with an artist like Mahler, who writes music in which we hear "a thousand voices of nature—of the forest, the ocean, the starlit nights, the mountain solitudes, of spring, and of ripe summer." Mahler uses no programme notes to explain his scores, yet "every one who knows those voices of nature hears them in his music."

Art.

Die Papstgräber und die Cäciliengruft in der Katakombe des hl. Kallistus. Von Joseph Wilpert. I. Ergänzungsheft zu De Rossi's Roma Sotterranea. St. Louis: B. Herder. $6.75 net.

For the study of the life and beliefs of the first four Christian centuries no field is comparable to the Roman catacombs. In this field one man, G. B. de Rossi, one of the three or four greatest archæologists of the nineteenth century, established the criteria of judgment and brought order out of the chaos. His "Roma Sotterranea," supplemented by numerous periodical studies in his *Bullettino di Archeologia Cristiana*, is the cornerstone of the new science, and perhaps no scholar has ever shown so clearly the mechanism of his methods, so that others can apply them to whatever new material may come to light. Of his immediate pupils two showed especial activity and talent, Henry Stevenson and O. Marucchi. The brilliant Stevenson's early death and the widening of Marucchi's studies seemed to leave the field open, and it has been known among scholars for many years that a young German archæologist, Mgr. Wilpert, was intending to take up the work.

Wilpert came into notice through a controversy with certain Protestant scholars on the principles of Early Christian archæology, but particularly through a number of monographs (1889-1897), dealing very thoroughly with certain subjects of the catacomb frescoes. From these he passed, a few years ago (1903), to a more general work on the "Paintings in the Roman Catacombs," a monumental publication, in which the plates were remarkably fine and faithful. Now, as a logical growth, comes this volume of wider scope, in which topography, history, architecture, sculpture, inscriptions, graffiti, paintings—all the many-sided themes of Christian antiquity—are treated.

This volume is the first of a series which Wilpert plans to publish on the same scale as De Rossi's "Roma Sotterranea," and as supplementary to it. He is so fortunate as to be able to select for its matter the two most important single monuments in the entire field: the famous Papal Crypt and the neighboring chapel of St. Cecilia, in the Catacomb of Callixtus. When, at the close of the second century, the Apostolic cemetery at the Vatican became too small to receive any more burials, it was decided to prepare a sepulchral crypt in the one official catacomb of the church. This was done while it was administered by the deacon Callixtus, who afterwards became Pope, and who gave his name to the catacomb. The first Pope to be buried there was Anteros (+235), closely followed by Pontianus, Fabianus, etc. Nine popes and several prominent bishops received burial in this crypt during the third century. The body of Pontianus was even brought back from the Sardinian mines, where he had been deported by the Roman administration. Parts of the sepulchral inscriptions of seven out of the nine popes have come to light, and are given here in facsimile. It is interesting that all but one are spelled with Greek instead of Latin letters; and it is also significant that the title "martyr," which we read on several, was not original, but added later in the century. Of course, this Papal crypt has long been known and was carefully described by De Rossi as one of the most remarkable records of the early Church, but Wilpert, especially through discoveries made in 1909, is able to add considerably to our knowledge. Contemporary with the tombs of the popes is the sarcophagus, for instance, of an historical personage of some importance, Aurelius Prosenes, who, though a Christian, was a chamberlain of the emperors from Commodus to Caracalla.

There is a full description of the restorations of Popes Damasus and Sixtus, by which a more monumental aspect was given to the Papal crypt after the close of the era of persecutions. There is also an interesting discussion of two puzzling little monuments above ground—the two three-apsed chapels which have been thought to be rare examples of small places of worship before the age of Diocletian. In the opinion of Wilpert, fortified by excavations, this is not so. The chapels are early, but not earlier than the fourth century, and he believes that one of them marks the martyrdom and burial of Pope Sixtus II, and the other the tomb of Pope Zephyrinus. Throughout this part of his work the author indulges in controversy to a considerable extent, perhaps more than seems necessary in a work which should aim to confine itself to accepted facts. His method has the advantage, however, of acquainting us with the different theories that have been advanced on subjects that are of wide interest to all students of the first Christian centuries.

Perhaps this publication may stimulate further excavation in the Catacombs, which are among the few bits of territory that in 1870 were left by the Italian Government in the possession of the Pope. During the last thirty years, partly through lack of funds in the Papal treasury, very little has been attempted in the way of excavating or clearing out catacomb galleries. The public little realizes how much still remains undiscovered. It is a world in itself, with story on story of superposed galleries: many that were even known to explorers of the sixteenth century are now unknown.

Winslow Homer, the artist, died at his home in Scarboro, Me., last Thursday, aged seventy-four years. He was born in Cambridge. At the age of nineteen he was employed in a lithographer's office, making titles for sheet music and a series of portraits for the Massachusetts Senate. In 1859 he went to New York and attended a night class in the National Academy of Design. Two years later he accepted an appointment as war artist from Harper Bros., his Prisoners from the Front dating from this period. He received the following prizes: World's Fair, in Chicago, first prize; Pittsburgh, 1896, gold medal; Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, 1896, gold medal; Paris Exposition, 1900, gold medal; Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, 1901, Temple gold medal; Philadelphia Academy, 1902, gold medal; St. Louis Exposition, 1904, gold medal, member of the National Academy. In 1866 he assisted in organizing the American Water Color Society. Some of the pictures devoted to the life of the fisherfolk are, the Life Line, Eight Bells, Danger, All's Well, Undertow, Watching the Tempest, and Perils of the Sea. Two of Mr. Homer's pictures are in the Metropolitan Museum of Art; they are The Old Gun in the Havana Harbor, and The Northeaster.

Finance.

A CURIOUS MONEY MARKET.

Two incidents in the past week's money market were of a character which, at this time in certain other years, would have impressed the financial mind with something like misgiving. The most interesting fact about them, on the present occasion, was that they seemed to have no effect whatever, either on the money situation of the week or on financial sentiment. One was the rise in the Bank of England's official discount rate, last Thursday, from 3 per cent. to 4, accompanied by an advance from 4 to 5 in the rate of the Imperial Bank of Germany, and from 4½ to 5½ in that of the Bank of Belgium. The other was a decrease for the week of $12,500,000 in surplus reserves of the New York Associated Banks, bringing the surplus down to $4,900,000.

A 4 per cent. London bank rate is not exorbitantly high, but it is higher than is usually reached as early as this in autumn, and is in fact as high a rate

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as the Bank of England has fixed for a generation past in the last week of September, except in such autumns of abnormal strain as those which contained the Baring crisis of 1890, the London "Boer War panic" of 1899, and the New York crash of 1907. This comparison is the more noteworthy in that London, when its seemingly imminent financial strain was averted six months ago, was much inclined to assume that trouble had only been deferred until the autumn.

As for the New York bank statement of last Saturday, it is not only true that the $4,900,000 surplus reserve was unusually low for the opening of an autumn money market, and that it represented a decrease of $44,000,000 since August 27, whereas the decrease of the same five weeks was only $16,000,000 in 1909 and $25,000,000 in 1908, but the figures showed that another decrease, less than half as large as last week's, would bring the New York reserve below the 25 per cent. minimum of the Banking Law. Furthermore, the statement of last Saturday showed that loans had risen again above deposits, for the first time since July 23. This phenomenon is watched by the banking fraternity for the reason that it has been a singularly accurate reflection of underlying conditions in the field of credit.

Last year, it first appeared on October 30, when the New York bank position was certainly under considerable strain. The loan excess rose to $25,000,000 by December 31; relaxed with the inpour of new reserve money which followed; disappeared with the statement of January 15; reappeared on March 12; got as high as $27,000,000 on April 30, and was not removed until the statement of July 23, when Wall Street's forced liquidation was virtually completed. When it is added that, in the nineteen years preceding 1909, a loan excess was never reported at New York except in 1893, in one or two autumn weeks of 1902, in the "rich men's flurry" of 1903, in the months of 1905 and 1906 when the world-wide strain on capital had begun, and in 1907, it will be obvious enough why its return is always observed with conjecture as to its precise significance.

Yet the New York money market made no more response to this incident than did the London money market to last Thursday's rise in the Bank of England rate. In New York's case, this indifference is the more remarkable because one expedient for relieving the local position, which was open to the banks a year ago, is considerably less obvious a recourse now. It has been usual, in an autumn of dwindling New York bank reserves, to shift loans and liabilities from New York to the inland banks. This year, the banks of our interior cities have troubles of their own. They have been busy all summer in readjusting their own outstanding credits with a view to checking a rather dangerous expansion. The task has been faithfully performed; yet even so, last week's government compilation of the September reports of the 7,000 national banks showed the aggregate loan account to be $338,000,000 ahead of that month in 1909.

It still remains to see just how far the money markets, home and foreign, are destined to make response, later on, to this curious position. Sometimes it will be late in the autumn before the full effect is seen. But meantime, it is not to be forgotten that a "money strain" which is skilfully prepared for, is apt to turn out no money strain at all. Last April, London was gravely apprehensive over its own situation, with the wholly unprecedented subscription to new securities by the English public and the extravagantly wild speculation in rubber company shares. France had been placing capital, on an unprecedented scale, in new stocks and bonds; German money was tied up in industrial activities and speculation; the United States had been financing new security issues, new stock and land speculation, and new industrial activity, all at once, and had overstrained its bank resources in doing so.

But what was done last summer—at London, at Berlin, at Paris, in New York, and throughout our Western country—was to put the financial house thoroughly in order. The London rubber speculation and the New York stock speculation had to face a sensational decline of values. Activity in general business slackened; bankers all but stopped offering new securities. All that was left in uncertainty, as regards a possible serious strain on credit, was whether the expansion movement of last winter would or would not be resumed this autumn. There has been little sign of it, here or abroad.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abraham, G. D. Mountain Adventures. Doubleday, Page.
Allen, A. M. A History of Verona. Putnam.
Ashenhurst, J. O. The Day of the Country Church. Funk & Wagnalls. $1 net.
Auvergne, E. B. d'. A Queen at Bay; the Story of Cristina and Don Carlos. Lane Co. $5 net.
Bacheller, I. In Various Moods. Poems and Verses. Harper. $1 net.
Baker, E. A. Frolics at Fairmount. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Bangs, J. K. Mollie and the Unwiseman Abroad. Phila.: Lippincott.
Barbour, R. H. The New Boy at Hilltop, and Other Stories. D. Appleton. $1.50.
Barbour, R. H. Winning His "Y": a Story of School Athletics. D. Appleton. $1.50.
Barr, R. The Sword Maker. Stokes. $1.25 net.
Brown, A. John Winterbourne's Family. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.
Brown, D. K. Finella in Fairyland. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents net.
Burgess, T. W. Old Mother West Wind. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.
Catrevas, C. That Freshman. D. Appleton. $1.50.
Chambers, J. The Mississippi River. Putnam.
Cody, H. A. The Frontiersman. Doran. $1.20 net.
Coman, K. The Industrial History of the U. S. Revised ed. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Connolly, J. B. Open Water. Scribner. $1.20 net.
Cooke, M. B. The Girl Who Lived in the Woods. Chicago: McClurg. $1.50.
Cox, J. H. Knighthood in Germ and Flower. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25.
Cushman, H. E. A Beginner's History of Philosophy. Vol. I. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.60 net.
Dean, O. S. The Quest of the Ages. Cochrane.
Deland, M. The Way to Peace. Harper.
Dobson, G. St. Petersburg. Painted by F. De Haenen. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Dodd, A. B. In and Out of Three Normandy Inns. Revised ed. Boston: Little, Brown. $2.50 net.
Dowden, E. Essays Modern and Elizabethan. Dutton. $2 net.
Duff, A. W., and Ewell, A. W. Physical Measurements. Second ed., revised. Phila.: Blakiston. $1.50 net.
Dunn-Pattison, R. P. The Black Prince. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Düring, S. M. The End of the Rainbow. Phila: Lippincott. $1.50.
Durning-Lawrence, E. Bacon is Shakespeare, Together with a Reprint of Bacon's Promus of Formularies. John McBride Co.
Durrant, W. S. Cross and Dagger: the Crusade of the Children, 1212. Lane Co. $1.50.
Ellis, K. R. The Wide Awake Girls at College. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Elwell, J. B. Auction Bridge. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Erskine, Mrs. S. A Royal Cavalier: the Romance of Rupert. D. Appleton.
Ferguson, E. Janey Canuck in the West. Second ed. Cassell.
Figyelmessy, E. H. Two Boys in the Tropics. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Fisher, H. W. Making Life Worth While. Doubleday, Page. $1.20 net.
Fox, A. W. Hearts and Coronets. Macmillan. $1.50.
Fraser, J. F. Australia. Third ed. Cassell.
Gehring, A. The Basis of Musical Pleasure. Putnam.
Gillette, K. C. World Corporation. Boston, Mass.: World Corporation.
Godfrey, H. Jack Collerton's Engine. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25.
Goodloe, A. C. The Star-Gazers. Scribner. $1 net.
Gould, G. M. The Infinite Presence. Moffat, Yard. $1.50 net.
Guerber, H. A. Joan of Arc—French Composition, with notes, etc. American Book Co. 30 cents.
Gulick, L. H. The Healthful Art of Dancing. Doubleday, Page. $1.40 net.
Hardy, T. Desperate Remedies. Harper.
Hare, C. Charles de Bourbon. Lane Co. $4 net.
Harte, B. Salomy Jane. (Holiday ed.) Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.
Hayward, W. B. Bermuda Past and Present. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.
Henry, O. Whirligigs. Doubleday, Page. $1.20.
Herford, O., and Clay, J. C. Cupid's Cyclopedia. Scribner. $1.
Heston, W. A Bluestocking in India. Revell. $1 net.
Hildebrand, F. A. The Dynamic School of To-morrow. Aberdeen Pub. Co. $2.
Hobson, R. P. In Line of Duty. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Hollander, B. Hypnotism and Suggestion. Putnam.
Hyatt, S. P. People of Position. Wessels & Bissell. $1.20 net.
Jenner, Mrs. H. Christian Symbolism. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.
Jowett, J. H. The Transfigured Church. Revell. $1.25 net.
Kelman, J. The Courts of the Temple. Revell. 35 cents net.
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